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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

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THE RIGHT HON. LORD ERSKINE.

IT was a celebrated observation of Mr. Burke, "that of all human studies the law "was most efficacious in forming great men, "for that to be well versed in the laws of "England was to be imbued in the sublimest "principles of human wisdom."

Lord Erskine, the subject of this Biography, is an eminent instance of the truth of this remark. He is one of those characters which has been wholly made by his profession. Lord Erskine is a statesman only because he is a lawyer, and is excellent in the one only because he is so well learned in the other.

Lord Erskine is a younger son of the late Earl of Buchan, his brother possessing the title and family estates. This is considered in Scotland as one of the noblest of the Scotch families, and we should think not without reason, as Lord Erskine, in the course of his speeches, has repeatedly referred to the nobility of his origin. His Lordship, however, has so much merit of his own, that he stands in need of borrowing nothing from his ancestry.

Young Erskine entered the navy as a midshipman at a very early period of life. Lady Buchan, his mother, in vain solicited for him a commission in the army; it was refused her. She immediately entered him in the navy, and telling him, even at that early age, that 300*l.* was the whole of his fortune, advised him to spare no efforts to improve, and thus augment the wealth of a family whose riches were not in proportion to their family honours.

It was not, however, in the navy that young Erskine was destined to verify the hopes of his mother; he had been in the navy but a very short time, when he discovered that promotion was not to be expected without patronage, and that having neither money nor powerful friends, he could never expect to rise in his naval profession. In a fit of disgust, therefore, at not being able to procure a lieutenancy after seven years service, he quitted the navy for ever, and by the aid of his friends purchased a commission in the army.

By the military appointments and promotions, as they appear in the London Gazette, the commission of young Erskine was purchased in the year 1768, in the first regiment of foot, which was immediately afterwards ordered to Minorca, where Mr. Erskine followed it.

Mr. Erskine's success in the army was as little as his success in the navy. He was not the favourite of Fortune—though every thing was at that time governed by a Scotch party at Court, and to be a Scotchman was almost to be

certain of preference. Young Erskine remained six years in the army without preferment, or even notice.

Wearied with this ill-success, and resolved to let nothing remain untried, he abandoned the army, and attempted the bar; and, accordingly, having sold his commission, which was all he possessed in the world, he entered himself in the books of Lincoln's Inn, and commenced a course of legal studies.

At the same time that Mr. Erskine entered himself a student of Lincoln's Inn, he entered likewise as a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge. His purpose in this was to shorten the necessary terms at Lincoln's Inn, by procuring a degree, for which, in the Inns of Court, an allowance is always very judiciously made.

Mr. Erskine possessed one great advantage for the study of law, or rather for the exercise of his profession as a pleader. He had been early imbued in all the poets and classical writers, and was distinguished whilst in the army as an excellent poet. Hence, in fact, Mr. Erskine's chief characteristic as a pleader—his taste ornaments his legal knowledge, and renders him interesting even when his matter is dry. Mr. Erskine was thus, perhaps, without exception, the most pleasing orator of all his cotemporaries at the bar—he possessed an inexhaustible fund of natural pleasantry, and his wit was occasionally brilliant without being too refined for general apprehension.

It is another subject of praise in the life of Mr. Erskine, that he never suffered himself to be daunted by the numerous difficulties to which his narrow circumstances exposed him. Whilst at Cambridge and at Lincoln's Inn, he had scarcely 50*l.* per annum to support himself in the prosecution of his studies. Add to this, that he even shared this pittance with a wife, and it almost becomes incredible, that under such necessities he could persevere in his profession, and obtain in their despite his subsequent eminence.

One of the best friends of Mr. Erskine, at this period, was the celebrated Earl of Mansfield, who, happening to have discovered his abilities in an accidental meeting, formed so high an opinion of their possessor, that he continued to patronise him through life. Mr. Erskine, however, had too much pride to reap all the benefits from this patronage which naturally belonged to so eminent a patron.

Mr. Erskine, like many other characters of eminence in the profession of the law, distinguished himself in early life by his literary compositions. One of the first offerings of this nature was a short pamphlet on the "*Condition of the Army, and the Treatment of Half-pay Officers.*" This pamphlet was printed for Wilkie, of Paternoster-row, and obtained a considerable sale.

Mr. Erskine, whilst at college, though not very ambitious of academical honours, could not resist the temptation to distinguish himself. The following subject for a prize essay was proposed in his college:—"*The Origin of the British Constitution.*" Mr. Erskine became a competitor, and obtained the prize. His essay was recited in the hall of his college, and the excellence of the matter was not inadequately embellished by the elegance of his delivery.

On Mr. Erskine's entrance into this profession, every thing that might be hoped from the felicity of his genius and the solid powers of his understanding was expected by his friends in his future progress.

Mr. Erskine had already acquired the technical knowledge of the law in the office of a Special Pleader, and in the Trinity Term, 1778, he first came forward to the public, and mixed with the crowd in Westminster Hall.

The cause of Captain Baillie against Lord Sandwich was the important opening of Mr. Erskine's professional career. He was counsel for the former, and, in his competition with the Law Officers of the Crown, he was not only successful for his client, but established a reputation for eloquence, acuteness, and wit, which attends him to the close of life, undisturbed by the claims of any equal rival.

About this period Mr. Erskine was engaged in a cause in which the public feelings were interested beyond example. It was the trial of Admiral Keppel. The malice of the accusation, and the character of the gallant officer, had roused at the same time a loud indignation and a common sympathy amongst the people. The first and the best men of the age, who considered him as the victim of faction, attended him at his trial at Portsmouth, and supported him with zeal and anxiety through that agony of his glory.

He arranged his defence for the Admiral, personally examined the witnesses, and made a masterly comment on the evidence; and notwithstanding the limited range which is given to a counsel in pleading before a court-martial, the assistance of Mr. Erskine, if it did not, indeed, contribute to establish his innocence, which rested in its own security, it yet unmasked the malignity of the accusers and

raised a just cry of indignation against them.

The reputation of Mr. Erskine was now so well established, that he was engaged in every cause of importance before the courts. The riots of 1780 are fresh in the memory of all. Worked into a sudden rage by the fury of faction the kennels of democracy overflowed, and threatened to lay waste and demolish every boundary of law; justice was suspended; the capital, already in a blaze, was menaced with total destruction, and the safety of the nation itself hung trembling in the balance. Grievances can never be so intolerable but that a popular redress of them must be worse. The magistracy was roused from its slumbering inactivity, and the wishes of the nation joining heart and hand with the exertion of its executive authority, the tumults were suppressed, and tranquillity was restored.

The tribunals having recovered their usual energies, demanded some atonement for the violation of the public peace, and the security of the kingdom was unwillingly sealed in the blood of some of the offenders.

The mob, as usual, were considered but as an instrument in the hands of some more able director of the mischief; Lord George Gordon was compelled to answer to the charge of having prompted and abetted the outrages; and Mr. Erskine added much to his celebrity, as Counsel for Lord George.

Mr. Erskine had scarcely been five years at the bar when his business increased to that extent, that it would have been considered a kind of professional injustice to have kept him behind the bar. At the suggestion, therefore, of Lord Mansfield, the King's letters of precedency were conferred upon him, and he received the honour of a silk gown.

In the year 1783, Mr. Erskine was elected member for the Borough of Portsmouth. He had long associated himself with the Whigs in politics, and been ranked amongst the partizans of Mr. Fox. His first essay in parliament was to support the famous Libel Bill of Mr. Fox, which succeeded after a very severe opposition, led on chiefly by professional men. It is remarked that the senatorial eloquence of lawyers is not frequently successful, and that whatever it may have of energy and propriety, it possesses taste and elegance in a very undue proportion. Mr. Erskine, we are bound to confess, furnished no very obvious exception to this general rule. That he speaks well as a senator, it would be absurd to deny; because his matter is always copious and profound, his eloquence prompt, and his fancy full of illustration and vivacity; but it must be admitted, there is something of versatility, something of sobriety, something perhaps of experience, wanting to complete the parliamentary orator. As an advocate, it must always redound to the honour of Mr. Erskine, that his talents have been displayed in their brightest splendour upon subjects connected with the morals and more permanent interests of society.

The constitutional principles of Mr. Erskine, and his singular, indeed habitual vigour and activity in their support, is that part of his character upon which the Biographer should dwell with more than common attention. The spirit of lawyers is not too frequently on the side of liberty: the very nature of their profession, and indeed the general letter of common law, bears too much towards the contrary principle; and where one lawyer may be found who has embraced the side of popular liberty, it would not be difficult to produce hundreds who have been warm supporters and zealous sticklers for an extended prerogative.

It is with singular satisfaction, therefore, that we can produce Mr. Erskine as one of the most ardent supporters of what can never be at variance—the Principles of the Constitution, and the Rights of the People.

It is to the same constitutional principles and attachment to the liberties of the subject, that we must impute the spirit and activity of Mr. Erskine in "*The State Trials*" of our own time; more particularly those of the year 1794.

We must now consider Mr. Erskine more in the character of a politician.

We have observed that he always associated himself with the Whigs, and upon the breaking out of the French Revolution, he followed the wreck of that band which was headed by the illustrious Fox. This exposed him to the acrimony and hatred of Burke, who did not spare him on the occasion.

After the termination of the first unsuccessful effort to procure peace, and the dismissal of Lord Malmsbury from Paris, Mr. Erskine published a pamphlet on the circumstances of the times; in which he strongly condemned the conduct of the British Ministry, and traced out, with a kind of prophetic spirit, the miseries which would result from the prosecution of an unjust war.

Mr. Erskine, we believe, was the first who proposed the parliamentary secession—an act which has been more censured than applauded, and repented by many of the party themselves.

Mr. Erskine had been distinguished very

early by the notice of the Prince of Wales, who, upon a vacancy, appointed him one of his Privy Council, and Chancellor of the Dutchy of Cornwall.

Upon the prevalence of the volunteer system, and the expectation of immediate invasion, Mr. Erskine came forward at the head of his profession, and was appointed to command the lawyers' corps, consisting of the three embodied societies of Lincoln's Inn, the Temples, and Gray's Inn. The satisfaction he gave in this command was universally acknowledged; he was strict and regular in the duties in which he had pledged himself, and was, unquestionably the best volunteer officer of his time.

Upon the death of Mr. Pitt, in 1806, when the present Ministry quitted the helm of government, and resigned to the party of Fox and Grenville, Mr. Erskine was immediately raised to the peerage, and appointed to succeed Lord Eldon as Chancellor.

The bar offered him their congratulations in a common address, upon this appointment; and, indeed, the instance was singular, of an elevation from a mere practitioner in the court, to the highest seat of judicature, without passing through the intermediate offices of Solicitor and Attorney General. We believe it never occurred to any barrister but Lord Erskine.

During the short time in which his Lordship presided in the Court of Chancery, nothing could be more satisfactory, impartial, and expeditious, than his conduct of the multifarious business of that Court. To add delay where there was too much already, was not his desire; and, upon his removal from Chancery, on the breaking up of his party, scarcely a single cause was left undecided.

Having dwelt thus long upon the services of this distinguished character, we will close our strictures by observing, that all the virtues which adorn his public life, have been transplanted into his domestic circle. He enjoys an ample fortune with a refined and liberal hospitality, and is distinguished for nothing more than that air of courteousness and protection which he extends to such as solicit his favour and acquaintance.

HISTORY OF FRANCE.

(Continued from page 348.)

THE Merovingian race of kings being now extinct in the male line, the operation of the Salique law prevented any competitors from advancing claims through *female* descent, and the throne of France, descended to Charles and Carloman, the sons of Pepin, who, during the lifetime of their father, had been anointed by the Pope, as a kind of confirmation to their succession. No characters could be more distinct than these two; Charles was open, candid, generous, and brave; Carloman, sullen, morose, and suspicious: previous to the death of Pepin, they were married to the daughters of Desiderius, King of the Lombards; but this political connection was soon dissolved by Charles repudiating his wife, and the death of Carloman shortly after his accession, not only threw his widow Berta, and his two sons under the protection of Charles, but also left to him an undivided empire. We now commence a new era, not only in the History of France, but also of Europe itself, as a long and successful reign of forty-six years, afforded Charlemagne an opportunity of forming and settling all those political relations, which constituted the ground-work of European polity through many succeeding centuries; a slight retrospect, therefore, of the *Gothic manners*, which gave rise to this polity, will not be irrevelant, nor uninteresting. The customs of the Franks, and of all the German nations, were derived from northern ancestors, and we find as far back as the time of *Tacitus*, "that each nation cultivated an extent of land in proportion to its "number, and that this land was parcelled out "to individuals, according to their warlike "dignity;" it was, therefore, natural for them, in the division of their conquests, to adhere to their paternal institutions. On this principle, therefore, whenever they seized on any province of the empire, the whole property of the land became vested in the warlike invaders; and the Chieftains, as well as the Sovereign, had each his proportionate share, whilst the smaller lots fell to the share of their humbler brethren in arms. No longer addicted to hunting only for a support, as that would have been insufficient for their increased population,

they now found it necessary to pay more attention to agriculture; and although the allotments of lands had been annual, they changed their plans, and gave a certain tenure to the occupier, with a right of hereditary succession. The occupier and his family now felt an interest in the welfare of their little districts, and the rights of property became better understood; for in length of time the succession to the lands in default of heirs was to the paramount Lord, whilst the Sovereign was the universal heir to the superior Fiefs, and even where there were heirs he claimed a right of guardianship; however, by degrees, a power of donation by will, either to collateral relatives, or to the Church, became introduced, and each man became the *sole* possessor of a *freehold*, but subject to the military services due to his feudal Lord. Under the Greek and Roman policy, the fair sex were in a state of degradation, and it was from the *barbarians*, as they were called, that they first received that deference which was their due, by giving them a place in society, possessing not only rights but property; they became now the heiresses of lands, where males were wanting, and as their sex precluded them from performing the military duties attached to their station, they were allowed to perform their services by proxy. The wild manners of these nations were now softened by intercourse with the conquered; the arts of peace were now sedulously cultivated, without losing sight of the art of war; and the desire to please, and to impart happiness, became every day stronger. The female heirs were now not only permitted to hold by military tenure, but also to hold the common justiciary courts, and to exercise the jurisdiction appertaining to their several fiefs; and even personally to attend the meetings of the Barons, of which there were many instances. This admission of females into general intercourse, was productive of many advantages to society; the different degrees of rank, which before had chiefly been marked by *military* merit, were now even attached to riches and property; a *social* intercourse sprung up, and modes of polished and respectful demeanour were adopted; new sentiments of dignity, and a dislike to meanness became general, and a display of luxury, and even elegance, began to take place. The order and regularity of established kingdoms taking place of savage life, hunting became only an amusement, and even war itself was now confined to a particular class; men, therefore, became more domesticated, whether in the baronial castle, or in the humble cottage, and the fair sex, of course, engrossed their notice and regards more strongly. They were approached with greater reverence, and courted even with a tender and anxious assiduity; and they in their turn grew more studious to please, becoming more alluring, more gay, and even more vain of their personal endowments. They now lost that intrepidity, and even fierceness, which had not been unfrequent, and became possessed of a delicacy which gave them new charms; their education was now an object of greater care, and they were exempted from the laborious occupations, under which they had formerly sunk; there was even a voluntary seclusion from observation which gave a romantic play to sentiment and anticipation, and a greater reserve naturally took place between the sexes. Modesty, sentiment, the romantic ideas of love and gallantry of the middle ages, and all those winning blandishments of the female heart, also began to unfold themselves. A new order, of chivalry, now arose in this warlike society, which was at first composed of the younger sons of the powerful barons, and who, through the rights of primogeniture, possessing no landed property, were thus prompted to dedicate themselves to the profession of arms. This order, not only sprung from, but was strongly engrafted on the feudal institutions, and they acted on each other reciprocally; chivalry was fostered and directed by the education received in the baronial hall, and in return it shed a new lustre, and even added support to the first institution; we thus see that the germ of chivalry was brought by the savage from the woods; but took its more romantic turn from being united to the refinements of classic literature and knowledge.

At this period, there were but three classes in society, the sovereign, the mesne lord, and the vassal, all others were but intermediate gradations; the vassal attended his lord during war, and cultivated his grounds during peace; the superior landholder was obliged to accept of knighthood, which imposed on him new military services; and at the same time elevated him to be the companion of princes; and the baron in his castle, imitating the manners, and prerogatives of sovereignty, formed around him his little court, where all the manly and active virtues were taught, though the refined subtleties of learning were in general left to the cloister.

In a savage state, man is prone to revenge; and a disposition to gratify this passion was preserved by our Gothic ancestors, notwithstanding the progress of the Christian religion: for the good of society, however, it had been

found necessary to restrain this passion within certain bounds, and the exercise of the right to punish was reserved as a prerogative to the barons. The nobles, though disposed to subject their vassals to some obedience to the laws, were yet adverse to submit to them themselves; haughty in their dipositions, and almost independent in their power, they could not think of accepting a fine for an insult, nor even of yielding up their feelings to the decision of a judge. All offences, therefore, against themselves were brought to the decision of the sword, whilst their vassals, and retainers, participating in their feelings, and urged by the same sentiments, became zealous partizans in their cause. The neighbouring barons, therefore, became habitual enemies to each other; causes of complaint were easily found, and the whole country was in a state of internal warfare carried on by these petty chieftains, whom nothing could unite but a desire to repel the general enemies of the nation, or to resist the encroachments of the Emperor or King. This marked the manners of the times, and in their usual carriage, they were haughty, morose, vindictive, and jealous of their honour, whilst their chief employment, when not engaged in war, was to vie with each other in barbarous magnificence, or in petty hostility. At this period, in the different states of Europe, there were portions of land, still pertaining to the original proprietors, and therefore not held by *military* service, and these properties were called *allodial*; such, however, were the distractions of the times, that these allodial proprietors were happy for the sake of engaging the protection of a powerful Chieftain, to grant *to him* these lands, which they received back *from him* as a feudal donation, thereby subjecting themselves to military services for military protection. In short, so anxious were the great body of the people for the protection of the Barons, that they crowded into their list of retainers, and when there were no more lands to hold in small fiefs, as marks of vassalage, every grant of authority from the superior lord was considered as a *military tenure*; partial jurisdiction in the forests, the rights of chase, the farming of district taxes, the tolls of markets, mills, and even rights of fishing, were all distinct marks of feudality. The number of the protected thus bound to military service rendered the Baron, in some instances, equal in power to his Sovereign, and enabled him not only to support his magnificence, but often tempted him to engage in those ruinous conflicts with his warlike neighbours, which, during the middle ages, deluged so many countries with blood. In such a state of society, it is not surprising that arms, gallantry, and devotion should be the ruling passions of the times, and should act with extreme force; it is, therefore, in this era that we must look for the origin of those romantic institutions which astonished Europe by their renown, and charmed it by their splendour; which, by mingling war with religion, and adding piety to love, inspired so many steel-clad knights to contend for the meed of valour, and to roam for the prize of beauty; encountering all the dangers of the lone and desart heath, or of the deep and mazy forest, braving the different troops of armed banditti, and affording subjects of composition for the bard whose warm imagination peopled earth, air, and water, with monsters, and filled the forests with magic incantations. In the earlier periods, the admission of youth to bear arms was a solemnity of great importance, and a form of induction was rigidly adhered to; in the Council of the district, the Chieftain, or some aged warrior, presented the youths with their shields and lances, giving them some sage advice, and thereby admitting them into the society of men. From a beginning so simple, arose the distinction of knighthood, for the *Equestrian Order* of Rome was of a very different nature; and as the presentation of arms became a matter of greater solemnity, it was reserved for the lord, or for some distinguished knight, to perform it; indeed we find that knighthood soon became the only road to distinction and honour, and that without the possession of it the most illustrious descent gave no right to personal rank in the field. Whilst in their native forests, the Goths, even before their conversion to Christianity, had mingled religion with all their institutions, particularly in the trial of right, so that when a complaint was brought before the *civil* Magistrate, if the evidence was not clearly satisfactory, the accused might challenge the accuser, and, *vice versa*; the combat was then ordered, the Magistrate presided, and the issue was supposed to be determined by the Deity. The point of honour was also rigidly observed, and indignity or disdain were offences never pardoned; the blood of the offender could alone atone for it, and he was obliged to vindicate himself in arms, or perish. In this we trace the origin of judicial combat, and of modern duelling, which have each in their turn spread over the world, and which in the dark ages at least, were perhaps the best safeguards of public decorum and of private hap-

pieces. Although not always engaged in war, it was always necessary to be prepared for it, and to this we may attribute the adoption of justs and tournaments, where the youth were exercised in arms, and where the mature warrior was pleased to show his prowess and dexterity. Religion was now added to military enthusiasm, and the arms preparatory to combat were consecrated in the church where the knight kept vigil; this gave a sanctity to the armour particularly to the shield, which was always decorated with some symbol of the wearer, and by a variety of colours; the helmet was covered with a wreath, or mantling, and a *coat* was also worn over the armour to shield it from the weather, and for the sake of distinction was ornamented in the same manner as the shield. Such was the simple origin of blazonry and heraldry, which, in unison with these romantic institutions, operated with an influence like magic over the Christian world, giving an additional force to the power of gallantry and devotion through the long series of the romantic ages. At this period, however, these armorial distinctions were merely personal, and not hereditary, nor did they become so until after the time of the Crusades, when the cross, the crescent, and the scallop-shell, were added to the bearings, and when the party-coloured sash and sword-belt gave rise to the *bend*, the *fesse*, and all the honourable ordinaries.

The spirit of chivalry we see thus arising from the union of love, of devotion, and of arms, and warmed into enthusiasm by the popular superstition of the times, and at the same time forming the manners of society, though by slow degrees; for we are not to suppose that these effects were instantaneously produced, nor was it indeed possible that such an immense fabric could be raised on the first approaches of the Barbarians to civilization. These sons of nature, after having subdued the polished descendants of the lords of the world, still preserved those passions and usages to which they had been accustomed in their native deserts; but blending them with Christianity and the more attractive parts of the Roman literature, they gradually erected a superb structure, romantic in its design, and gorgeously magnificent in its execution. It was from the impulse of these passions, thus directed, that the romantic spirit of chivalry began to emanate; and though some theorists have asserted that a wild desire of rambling, and an affectation of the marvellous, produced these results, it seems a much more rational inference, that the passion for arms and the pure spirit of gallantry, aided by devotion, led to that universal ardour of chivalry, which, in later ages, fertilized the sands of Palestine with Christian blood, and prompted so many myriads of armed pilgrims to plant the cross on those turrets from which they had so gallantly torn the crescent of Mahomet. The usages and ceremonies which now sprung up had a great effect in producing order and regularity amongst nations of soldiers, and every step to civilization is strongly marked by their spirit; much of them remain even at the present day, and though we find some people much disposed to consider the manners of these early times as rude and ignoble, yet we may well believe that some of our finest specimens of legislative regulation are more owing to their influence than to many of the modern attempts of political wisdom, which serve more to dazzle by their brilliancy than to benefit by their utility.

Such was the origin of those institutions which have marked so strongly the conduct and even the politics of the different European nations, and the developement of whose influence, until they were in full force in the *romantic ages*, must always be highly interesting to the politician, the philosopher, and the man of taste; we shall, however, for the present, drop the investigation, and proceed in the succeeding number to the *historical* facts of the reign of CHARLEMAGNE.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

PALÆPHATUS THE PARIAN.

PART of a work, which is said to have consisted originally of five books, is still extant, bearing the title of Βιβλία Απίστων or Book of Incredibilities: it treats of the miraculous passages of the ancient mythology. When we consider that the priests of antiquity equalled any other satellites of superstition in defending those fables, by which they held the minds of men in

subjection, we cannot but be surprised that a work of such a tendency, and particularly under such a title, should have remained unsuppressed by them. The author of the production of which I am speaking is not known with certainty, but it is attributed to Palæphatus of Paros; or, according to others, of Priene, who lived at the time of Artaxerxes. There were, however, three ancient authors of the same name: an historian of Abydos, cotemporary with Alexander the Great, who also wrote some explanations and solutions of the mythological fables: the other, a poet of Athens, who composed a piece concerning the formation of the spheres, and on the contention between Minerva and Neptune.

The Parian, or Prienean, is, however, the most famous, since it hath been remarked by Servius and Probus, two of the greatest commentators on Virgil, that the celebrated passage in the third book of the Georgics, concerning the first use of horses, is evidently founded on the explanation which Palæphatus has given to the fable of the Centaurs.

Primus Erichtonius currus, et quatuor ausus
Jungere equos, rapidisque rotis insistere victor.
Fræna Pelethronii Lapithæ, gyrosque dedere
Impositi dorso: atque equitem docuere sub armis
Insultare solo, et gressus glomerare superbos.
Georg. iii. 113.

To which, as I have neither Dryden's or Pitt's translations at hand, I shall take the liberty of subjoining a hasty paraphrase of my own.

'Twas Erichthonius first who dared to join
Four ardent coursers to the impetuous car,
And Victor on the rapid axle stood.
The Pelethonians first attached the reins,
And turned in quick curvets the pawing steed,
Fixed firm upon his back: beneath his arms
They taught the warrior, high above the plain,
A bold rebounding course, and when to urge
The pace majestic, when the thundering charge.

Another instance of the high opinion in which Virgil held the authority of Palæphatus, is reported to have been found in some verses addressed by that poet to Messala; from which the following line is said to have been taken.

Docta Palæphatia testatur voce papyrus.

With learned voice the Palæphatian page
Sustains this truth.

There is little doubt but that all the ancient fables were founded on real incidents, which, disguised by the metaphoric language of poetry, or intentionally perverted by the fabrications of priests, were rendered supernatural to the ignorant, and incredible to those who consulted their reason. It is, at all times, however, amusing to be acquainted with whatever interpretations may have been given to those superstitions, which awed the greatest and most enlightened nations that ever existed, and which have been so mingled with poetic compositions, that we cannot understand the works even of the moderns, without some acquaintance with them; but since it must be more particularly entertaining to know how the most learned of those who lived at the time, when the whole known world believed in these fables, explained and commented upon the general creed, I shall occasionally venture to translate some of the most curious passages of Palæphatus, and shall commence with his preface, and that interpretation of the fable of the Centaurs to which Virgil is said to have been indebted.

PALÆPHATUS'S BOOK OF INCREDIBILITIES.

PREFACE.

"I have composed this book concerning "things which are incredible. For there are "some men confirmed in their opinions, who "are accustomed to believe all things in what-"soever manner they may be related, but such "men are generally strangers to every kind of "wisdom and learning. Some, however, who "are by nature more intelligent and inquisi-"tive, and at the same time more conversant "in the pursuits and transactions of mankind, "are unable to bring their minds to give implicit faith to all that they may be told. Every "event which is narrated appears to me indeed "to have had some foundation in truth; nor "ought it to be imagined that out of mere "names such stories could have arisen, for no "narrative attaches itself to names alone; but "actions and incidents have rather first happened, which by narratives have afterwards "been increased and magnified. The form and "manner of these things have thus been fabricated in recounting them; and when no simi-"lar appearances exist at present, we may "conclude that they never did really exist: "for what has been at any certain period, and "at any other periods immediately ensuing, "might very well be in our time, and in the "times immediately preceding ours. I praise, "therefore, very much those historians, Melis-"sus and Lamiscus the Samian, who assert, "that whatsoever *was* in the beginning, *is* in "the present time, and *will be* in the time to "come; but that the accounts of things which "have undoubtedly happened, are distorted by

"poets and other vain writers, by the addition "of such wonderful and incredible fictions, as "might excite the greater admiration in their "readers. So I, while I acknowledge that "none of these things have happened as they "are related, can easily apprehend, that un"less some fact belonged to each of them they "would not have been related at all. Having "been myself in various distant places, and in"deed travelled over many regions of the "earth. I have every where made inquiries of "the most aged, concerning what they have "heard relative to any of those things which "have been told to us. I now make public "whatever I learned from such persons, what"ever I have in the very places of the trans"actions beheld, and whatever origin I have "discovered to belong to each of these incre"dible narratives. And these I do not set "forth as they have been falsely described by "the poets, but only such as I, in travelling "to become acquainted with them, have found "them by ocular testimony to have been. I "have, therefore, made them the subjects of a "history which I have in the following manner "composed.

OF THE CENTAURS.

"The Centaurs are represented as a species "of wild animal, which had the entire figure "of a horse, excepting the head. If there is "any one who can believe that such a monster "ever existed, he hath manifestly persuaded "himself to give faith to impossibilities. For "neither are the natures of the horse and man "in any degree conformable to each other, "nor is there any similitude in their food, nor "any means by which the sustenance of a horse "could pass through the mouth and throat of "a man. Moreover, if such a combination of "form had ever been it must necessarily have "existed at present.

"The truth of the matter is this; when "Ixion, King of Thessaly, reigned on Mount "Pelion, a herd of bulls being seized with sud"den madness, and stung by gad-flies, fled into "the surrounding mountainous places; thence, "with dreadful impetuosity, they frequently "returned to assail the farms and cultivated "places, treading down the corn and shrubs, "and breaking in pieces the ploughs and uten"sils of husbandry. Ixion gave notice by "public heralds, that whoever should take or "destroy these enraged beasts should be re"warded by him with very great wealth.— "There then dwelt in that very high part of "the mountain which is called Nephele, or the "Clouds, certain young men who had begun to "break in horses, so as to suffer men to sit as "riders on their backs; for before that time "men did not know that horses could be made "to carry them, but used those animals to "draw their chariots only. These horsemen, "seated on their steeds, urged them to those "places where the bulls chiefly resorted, and "leaping among the herd, struck the furious "cattle with their spears, or avoided the "violent attack of their horned enemies by "flight, on animals which were so much the "swiftest; while, as often as the bulls stood "immoveable to oppose them, the young men, "wheeling their horses rapidly about, struck "them with repeated wounds, and at length "destroyed them. Hence the name of Cen"taurs was given them as *Catecenton-tauros*, "the *quick bull-smiters*: and it is observable, "that there is no appearance of a bull in their "figure, which is composed only of a horse "and a man.

"When the Centaurs had received money "and other rewards for this action from Ixion, "they exulted so much on their prowess, and "became so arrogant and insolent with their "wealth, that they frequently plundered the "territories of Ixion himself, who at that "time inhabited a city which was called La"rissa, while the people of the surrounding "country were denominated the Lapithæ.

"On a certain festival, the Centaurs being "invited by the Lapithæ became intoxicated, "and carried off their women, whom they "forced to sit on their horses, and flying home "to their mountainous retreats, bore them "along behind them at full speed. Hence"forward the Centaurs were in perpetual war "with the Lapithæ, and descending in the "night from the mountains, they plundered "them unawares; then, in the morning, loaded "with much spoil, they turned their horses "about, and retreated in a gallop to their "craggy retreats. As they thus departed, no"thing but the tails of horses and the heads of "men could at a distance be seen, and there"fore those who beheld so unusual and asto"nishing a sight were accustomed to say, 'The "'Centaurs rushing upon us from Nephele, "(that is, from the higher regions of the moun"tain called the Clouds) 'have plundered our "'possessions.' And from this manner of ex"pressing themselves, an incredible fable has "been fabricated, namely, that monsters com"pounded of men and horses were brought "forth by the Clouds."

(A Palaphato ex Suidâ.)

THE ARBITRATOR.—No. IX.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

" Let us, slow wandering where the current flows,
" Save sinking flies that float along the stream."——*Roscoe.*

THERE is no one ordinance for the course of human affairs that has so often perplexed and puzzled us, as the respect which it seems natural to pay to antiquity. In the first place, we are at a loss to understand, whether this respect be really natural, or only a fashion kept up by the interested aristocracy, and followed of course by all who wish to imitate or to recommend themselves to that aristocracy, that is to say, followed by almost all the world. And if this respect be not a prejudice, but really a principle in human nature, we cannot decide, satisfactorily to ourselves, whether it be a laudable principle, or such a one as we ought to struggle against, as against our other vices. Among these different theories we are most inclined to adopt that, which supposes this vast respect to be a prejudice: for if a man will examine his own breast, we think he will find that this is a respect founded on the notions of other people rather than on his own reason. We are not desirous of undervaluing the notions of people in general on subjects which people in general are qualified to comprehend: on the contrary, we believe that there is almost always a good deal of justice in the opinions of the majority. But he who judges by the medium of other people's understanding rather than of his own, must certainly be in great danger of judging erroneously, because, not having investigated the arguments on either side, he will hardly be able to give to each of those arguments its proportionate weight, and will consequently adopt conclusions either beyond the truth, or short of it. This seems to be the case with regard to the general notion of the respect that is due to what has been long established. It is difficult in the first instance to secure an establishment of any kind without merit, and therefore people have agreed to think that what is established must be meritorious. The sophism, to any body who takes the trouble of thinking, is obvious enough: for though it is most probable that the matter in question had merit when it was first established, it does not at all follow that it has merit now. Exertion naturally slackens when its object is attained: and possession is the most destructive foe of industry. We gain our point, and we become indolent, not only because enjoyment weakens our powers of action, but because the prejudices of mankind make exertion no longer necessary. We know that when by great labour we have once turned the public mind into the channel we desired, great labour must be employed by any body to turn it away from that channel: that people will be unwilling to acknowledge themselves deceived, some through obstinacy, some through partiality, some through the indolent abhorrence of change, and some from actually bad taste. Establishment, therefore, may be an argument *prima facie* for the existence of merit, but certainly is not a definitive proof.

In blaming the prejudice entertained in favour of things long established, we would not be understood to blame the respect that is paid to certain political establishments of our country. Of hereditary nobility, and of hereditary royalty, and of the reverence and privileges which the heirs of those dignities demand and deserve, we trust we shall always be among the foremost assertors. It is true that this is no less a prejudice in the eyes of cool reason, than the prejudices in favour of all other establishments: but then it is a prejudice which in the present confined state of human intellect, is absolutely necessary for the public good, and must continue necessary till men shall be wise enough to be capable of an elective government, which will hardly happen. Many of those who now possess hereditary titles are undoubtedly people that do no honour to those titles; but their ancestors have probably earned them by some public services, and we are paying the price of that service to their descendants. Rank, distinction, respect, are the cheap rewards which the country bestows upon her servants: and those individuals who refuse to pay homage to nobility, are guilty of an affront, not more to the individuals whom they slight, than to their country, who has marked those individuals for reverence. But since there always are some people blind enough to think themselves and their country degraded by performing this duty which their country herself has enjoined, it is fortunate,

that, in order to compensate this deficiency, the general regard to established families is somewhat greater than reason requires. It is a valuable prejudice, and ought to be encouraged: it is the reward of virtue, the provision of posterity, the spur of exertion, the defence of the country!

But in literature we find no such arguments for establishment. We find no reasons for shewing regard to its weaknesses, or mercy to its faults. For in the republic of literature hereditary greatness cannot exist: and though Reviews or Magazines do indeed constitute a kind of corporate perpetuity, yet since we have not extended our exceptions in favour of establishment so far as to inculcate a respect of bodies corporate, merely as such, we see no sort of reason for encouraging or winking at the faults of such publications. Every law of literature should be a reasonable law for the government of the reasonable: and nothing that is not purely reasonable ought to be admitted into the code of the republic of letters. This is not the case in the state: for their, every law should be a law for the government of those who have little or no reason at all: and the reason of such laws, being necessarily adapted to the nature of the persons to be governed, is at best a reason founded on prejudice, and from the necessity of the case requires that allowances be made for it. Literature, in a word, is only a luxury, government is a necessary of life: the necessaries of life we must be content to get as we can: the luxuries ought to be the best possible, or they are not worth having at all.

Now then let us say something of that literary luxury *The European Magazine*, and of Joseph Moser, Esq. its perpetual contributor. *The European Magazine* is a work of small importance; but it affords a most striking illustration of the strong partiality with which things ancient and established are always regarded by the majority of the world. What but such a partiality keeps up *The European Magazine?* Surely not its own general merits! Surely not the individual exertions of Joseph Moser, Esq.! This basis of antiquity on which *The European Magazine* now rests, is a basis too strong to be shaken. We do not care indeed to shake it; we desire only to see the work freed from some of the trash that now infests it: and though the *Arbitrator* has lately been employed in judging nobler sinners, yet the writers of *The European Magazine* are not below the animadversion of a periodical essayist. We wish to see the periodical works in general conducted upon a plan more useful to the public: and we are sure that the benefit of the public, well understood, must be the benefit of the Editors also. If therefore we can improve any the most insignificant of the popular works by our animadversion, we shall always be happy to do it. We flatter ourselves that we are superior to ordinary jealousies, for we wish to thrive by our own merits, not by the demerits of our neighbours: and with these feelings we alike fearlessly combat the great and the humble; we arrest the charger when he rushes toward the precipice of destruction, and with equal willingness, as our motto expresses it, we save the sinking fly that floats upon the rivulet.

The first error of which we shall speak, is an error in the last number of the *European Magazine*; and we will mention this for the sake, not of ridicule, but of truth. It is a mistake: but it appears to be the mistake of a sensible man. The author of the article in which it is to be found, and which is entitled, *An Essay on Versification*, thus expresses himself on the necessity of pronouncing the *e* final before a consonant in the recitation of French verse:

"Without attending to this circumstance, "their heroic verse, which we term Alexan-"drine, will be frequently converted into Ana-"pæstic, as in

"*Je chante le heros qui regna sur la France,*"

"which is analogous to

"A cobler there was, and he lived in a stall,"

"unless the *e* in *chante*, be pronounced. Let "us but imagine that Dryden's Virgil were "written in this species of metre, and consider "the effect it would produce."

The truth is that the French verse, even when all the syllables are sounded properly (for that the *e* be sounded is perfectly proper) may always be read as if its measure were anapæstic. For the long anapæstic verse in English usually contains two short syllables before the first long one: when it does not, the first foot is not a pure anapæst. Then the whole line consists of twelve syllables, just as an Alexandrine does, and all the French verse may be read with almost as much harmony, (or perhaps more, to an English ear,) in the anapæstic measure as in the Alexandrine. We will give an instance from M. de la Harpe's translation of *Euripides's Hecuba*:

"*Attendrai je qu'isi, pour combler mes re-*
vers—"

Now in this line make the two first syllables short, and your verse reads exactly like an anapæstic line, for instance, like this on Garrick, in Goldsmith's *Retaliation*:

"As a wit, if not first, in the very first line."

When the feminine rhyme, that is the rhyme of the *e* final, occurs in French, it is exactly analogous to our anapæst, when the latter has what musicians call a grace syllable, put at the end of it: thus the following line from the same translation of *Hecuba*:

"*De la necessite je subirai l'empire*,"

which line, when the *e* final is sounded as it ought to be, is a line of nineteen syllables, is perfectly analogous to Dean Swift's line in *Hamilton's Bawn*:

"For the one holds the sword, and the other
"the bridle."

Perhaps indeed, if anapæstic writers were as careful as they ought to be, the analogy would not be quite so perfect: for where a short syllable ends one line, there ought not to be two short syllables at the beginning of the next: or else three short syllables come together, and create to the ear the effect of a singly intruding quadrisyllabic foot.

But the anapæstic measure, though usually applied to light subjects, is not in its own nature ludicrous. We have a very striking instance of even the sublimity of which this measure is capable, in *The Lochiel* of Mr. Campbell, the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*.

Thus it has, we think, been made clear, that the French Alexandrine, of twelve syllables, may be read like the English anapæst: and that wherever the analogy fails, it must be from an imperfection in the first anapæst of the English line. And it has also been proved, that the French Alexandrines, with a feminine rhyme, which are lines of thirteen syllables, are exactly analogous to the English anapæsts with grace-syllables, as they are ordinarily written. And it has further been shewn, that if the French verses were read anapæstically, they would not necessarily lose their sublimity.

Having said so much on this essay, we will not go through all the original communications of *The European Magazine* with a critical eye: but really when we arrive at the theatrical department of the work, we acknowledge ourselves to become a little indignant. Is it consistent with the dignity of any Magazine, to take its theatrical criticisms from a Daily Paper? And yet *The European Magazine* has actually done this. And of all papers, gentle reader, which do you think has been preferred by the Editors of *The European Magazine*? *The Times*—yes, gentle reader—*The Times*! And not content with passing this upon their poor unobserving readers as an original article, they determine to exceed themselves in hardihood, and sum up the whole with a sort of Epilogue by Joseph Moser, Esq.

Whether Joseph Moser, Esq. be the name and description of any really existing person, or only an assumed denomination of some litetary adventurer, it has not been yet our fortune to ascertain. But this we know, that numerous articles, with this name prefixed, have appeared, and continue to appear in *The European Magazine*, to the great discredit of the said Magazine, and likewise of the said Joseph. Whoever be the person so calling himself, we think it our duty to recommend to him a more quiet demeanor. It is really too much to endure, that every number of the Magazine must allow several pages of close print and double columns to such an author as Mr. Moser. If he be a man of fortune, let him consider that he ought to be an encourager, rather than a competitor in literature. If he be poor, let him work: poverty is no excuse for poetical deficiencies, however it may palliate pecuniary failures. The rank of Mr. Moser is determined by his own assertion: he states himself to be an Esquire. If so, how carelessly our Esquires are educated! And how weak in practice is that vast body of elementary matter collected into so many folios on the the theories of improving the youthful mind! But, perhaps, he is only an Esquire as many of his neighbours are, an Esquire by courtesy. For in these times, your auctioneer, and your linen-draper, are Esquires; who formerly were but too happy in the title of gentlemen, even that being a title to which they had no right. "As "for gentlemen," says Sir Thomas Smith, in his *Commonwealth of England*, "they be made "good cheap in this kingdom: for whosoever "studieth the laws of this realm, who studieth "in the universities, who professeth liberal "sciences, and to be short, who can live idly, "and without manual labour, and will bear "the port, charge, and countenance of a gen-"tleman, he shall be called *master*, and shall "be taken for a gentleman."

What would Sir Thomas say, if he were alive now, and could see an Esquire, who appears never to have studied at the universities, or any where else either? We cannot so much amuse our readers as by giving them a specimen of 'Squire Moser's manner. A great part

of each of the two last numbers of *The European Magazine*, has been employed with a melodrama, by 'Squire Moser, called *Nourmahal, Empress of Hindostan*. The following is an extract from a dialogue between *Nourmahal* and *Daria*.

Nourmahal.—" For our triumphs o'er our
" foes,
" Arabia's hordes, a solemn feast's ordained.
Daria.—" To which th' attractive object is
" your presence.
Nourmahal.—" I shall attend, though with
" reluctant steps;
" For somewhat presses on my anxious mind,
" And seems to bode misfortune.
Daria.—" *Phantoms like these arise from sen-*
" *sibility,*
" *And in their circuit mark superior genius.*
" Let mirth and music chase this horrid gloom,
" Which makes the hall as sable as the tomb:
" Resume your spirits at this splendid feast,
" And shine, like Mithra, darting from the
" East." [*Exeunt.*

Now a specimen of the comic matter, with which this sublime kind of dialogue is relieved. Some people are working in a garden, and one, named Alida, says:

" As we are all in such a merry humour, I " don't see why our rakes should not enjoy " themselves as well as the rest: so I think we " must give them a holiday, and leave them.

" *Foro.* There is but one reason why you " should not leave them, fair Alida.

" *Alida.* What is that, wise Foro?

" *Foro.* Because when ladies make holiday, " they like to have their *rakes* to accompany " them.

" *Serim.* Good!

" *Alida.* It may be good, but it is not true: " for we shall throw our rakes by, like dis- " carded lovers.

" *Cora.* And to shew the world that we " suffer no danglers, lie thou there.
" [*Throws down her rake:*

" *Alida.* Let my worn-out rake keep him " company. " [*Throws down hers.*

" *Lyra.* And mine support him.
" [*Throws down hers.*

" *Herman.* That's right, my little Lyra! " but a truce with your tongues, or, at least, " suffer your feet to run as fast: therefore a " dance, a dance, I say. " [*Music.*

" *Lyra.* Your water-pots shall dance sooner " than we will, until we have a song; so, " lovely Alida, begin.

" *Alida sings.*

" Superb the crown imperial glows
" Surmounted by an emerald crest,
" While close behold the damask rose
" *Whose blushes seem but half suppressed,*
" *Symbolic of the splendid ball*
" Where *Daria* stands with *Nourmahal.*

" *Lyra.*

" Pinks, jessamine, lilies, *bescattered* around
" *Are emblems of flowers at court:*
" While posies like us *do* on commons abound,
" *To shew that gay Nature loves sport,*
" Then let us with garlands bedizen each other,
" While we pay our devotions to Nature, our
" Mother."

A little of this is droll enough: but if any of our readers can be desirous of seeing more, they must have an inveterate taste for ridicule indeed. We will do any thing in reason for the public, but we cannot copy out any more of the Esquire's melodrama. We are not conscious of having perpetrated any thing for which we deserve a condemnation to the galleys: and those who can bear any more of this trash may take the trouble of hunting it for themselves in *The European Magazine.*

ADVICE TO COFFEE-HOUSE POLITICIANS.

I FEEL some uncertainty in what manner I shall address myself, gentlemen, to you, whether collectively or individually. Collectively, you form a kind of hydra in society, whose many heads are all looking different ways. Individually, you present your acids, and your alkalies, under so many various forms, with a tolerable portion of neutral salts, that in the analysis I fear the gases will evaporate, and nothing be left but the *caput mortuum.* Some will tell us that politics are now become a science; but if the being reduced to certain definite and invariable rules be the touch-stone of scientific claims, I fear that your pursuit lays under a misnomer. If the name, however, *is* correct, I believe that there are many more professors of *this* science than of *any other*; and they certainly have this one advantage, that very little previous knowledge is necessary.

As much as they exceed in number, so much

do they excel in demonstration; for I have lately seen some of your ablest professors *shew*, in the clearest manner, how the French are to be beat only with the assistance of a few corks and a broken tobacco-pipe, after first delineating the ocean with a few precious drops from the Golden-Lane Brewery; when, at the same time, the Russian Czar has not been able to do it, with one hundred and fifty thousand experimental philosophers at his heels.

When you commence your *course of lectures*, be careful to choose a situation where you have the best possible chance of passing for the *wisest* man in company, otherwise some impertinent puppy may trouble you with his questions. Before you give an answer in these cases, always look at the questioner; if he seems a quizzical dog, turn the discourse to the *Vestminster* election, or the *purcession* from Brentford, there you will be more at home; but if he appears to be a *simple* examiner, you may tell him that the Cossacs are a set of wild Indians; that the River of Plate is *almost* as large as the Thames; and that you have no doubt a canal would have been cut long ago from the *Black* to the *Red* Sea, if the Turks had not been afraid of spoiling their colour.

When you are talking of a place with a hard name, and one of these *simple* questioners asks you *where* it is, you may tell him with great safety that is *abroad*; if this should not satisfy him, laugh, and say that you are surprised that he can ask such a simple question; this will put a stop to any more queries for the present, and will serve as a check to them in future.

If any thing remarkable happens, always say, you expected it: should you be asked why? your answer is ready—"A friend "at t'other end of the town—but can't name "names—you know what you know—and "by and by *something* will happen which "will surprise every body."—It will be hard indeed if you can't preserve your character for early information, by a change of ministry, or a house broke open, a race at Newmarket, or a general election.

If any new measure is proposed in parliament, always inquire on which side the mover is, when you know that, you have no occasion to consider the merits of the measure; if you can say a few good things against your opposite party 'tis sufficient. Perhaps some of your favourites in the House may find it difficult to make their assent or opposition quadrate with their consistency. Should *they* begin to talk of it first, and appear anxious to vindicate themselves, it is a bad job, *you* must have nothing to do with it; but should any person hint at *your* inconsistency, immediately accuse Pitt or Fox, as the case may be, of the same; this turns the conversation, and saves a vast deal of argument with headstrong people.

When the *public* conduct of your favourite is attacked, immediately endeavour to vindicate his *private* character; and as the opposite party will not be very ready to accuse him of robbery, or murder, or of beating his wife, then your victory is half gained.—"My dear "sir, is it possible that a man so amiable in pri-"vate life could ever *mean any harm?* Oh no—"no, no, no—don't believe it, oh no."

Always make use of the terms *Whig* and *Tory*; for although the *original* signification is gone by, yet the terms will still be very useful to you, as they are *now* in a great measure indefinable, and you can argue on Whig or Tory principles just as it suits your convenience: indeed, the shortest way is to stick to the *name*, and have nothing to do with the *principle*.—There are a few leading words necessary to be attended to in all cases, these you must have by rote; such as bribery, corruption, independence, constitution, liberty, humanity, existing circumstances, peculation, and plunder; and you must be prepared to ring the changes, and prove a few problems, such as that the extension of the excise laws is the extension of civil liberty; that the shortest way to do without taxes is to *make a loan* to-day, and *borrow* for the sinking fund to-morrow; that what is constitutional in your own party is unconstitutional in the other; and *here* by the way, if any troublesome fellow attempts to contradict you, you may silence him at once, by asking "where the Constitution is?"—A hundred to one he can't tell you, and if he can, I will take the same bet that you don't know how to look for it.

You must on all occasions talk of political apostacy, and of political infamy, and you may sometimes say, you think there are only *two* honest men in the world—*you* of course are *one*, the other vacancy you may fill up with the name of your political favourite for the time being.

There are some little hints for your guidance, when on the theatre of action, but which to detail, must be almost useless to People of your great observation; a kind of *minor* virtues, which *you* are in the daily practice of;—when you enter the coffee-room, if you see a gentleman deeply intent on a paper, immediately bespeak it—twill give it a greater value

in his eye, and make him continue his reading with redoubled pleasure. By way of enhancing his satisfaction, you may ask him from time to time, "if there is any thing fresh, &c."

When you sit down in an evening, always draw the candles to your end of the table; if others feel an inconvenience, can you help it? there is a bell to ring if they want light. When the night is cold, always pick out the best seat; if the weather is peculiarly bad, and the room crowded, you may then stand with you back to the fire; it shews your politeness to face the company. Whilst reading one paper you may secure another under your elbow; some men are too modest to ask for it—that is not your affair—charity begins at home.

Whatever is done by the army or navy, *you* must never be satisfied; if *you* dont find fault somewhere, nobody will give you credit for knowing any thing about the matter. Should any person, however, seem to doubt your capability of judging on the subject, you may tell him, that you have been by sea to Margate, and that you ought to know *something* about the wind, as you have a weathercock on your country seat, at Mile End. When you confess yourself disappointed in the exertions of our troops and seamen, the more you seem to have expected from them, the higher you will stand in the opinion of the company; as a case in point, I recollect an old friend of mine saying, that during last war he dropped into the coffee-room, at the Bush Tavern, in Bristol, where a knot of politicians were assembled; when the *orator*, after reading an Admiralty Dispatch, raised his spectacles to his forehead, and thus addressed the company: "Well, "gentlemen, you see Sir John, with four "frigates, off the *Passage du Ras*, fell in with "five frigates of the enemy—he chaces them—"good—he comes up with them—better—he "brings them to action, though superior to "him in force—better still—well, after a short "action, he captures one, by which he "diminishes the force of the enemy, and "encreases his own—now, gentlemen, in this "case, it seems very extraordinary to me, that "he did not capture *the whole* of them."

I shall now close my advice to you, with one short hint; that is, before you venture to animadvert on any actions on shore, be very careful to know *some* of the particulars, otherwise you may fall into the same error, as a gentleman lately did, in reading an account of a hard fought action, which he criticised rather hastily, supposing it to have happened in the East Indies; when being set right with respect to some geographical inaccuracies, he was at length convinced that the action commenced at Denmark-hill, and finished at Dulwich.

Hark!—tis the newsman's horn, I shall detain you no longer gentlemen, but leave you to practice those rules, which I have thus faintly delineated. Adieu.——

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

TUKKISH LETTERS.

Sir,

CHANCE, and a knowledge of the Turkish language, having brought me acquainted with a young Mussulman, attached to the present embassy, I have obtained his permission to send you from time to time, a translation of his letters to a learned friend at Constantinople; should they be worthy of presenting to *Le Beau Monde*, they are much at your service.

Q. Z.

Abdul Ebn Hamed, from the capital of the Infidels, to Sidi Solyman Abderahman Effendi, faithfullest of the faithful, and most learned among ten thousand expounders of the law.—After surmounting the dangers of the ocean, thy faithful pupil, thanks to the beard of the Prophet, is safe on shore in this land of the Infidels; *safe*, did I say, most learned Effendi, ah! no, he is now in much greater danger than when only exposed to the syrens of the Italian sea, and the sharks of the vast Atlantic; yet fear not his pollution from unhallowed touch, for forty times each morning will he wash his hands from infidel stains, and forty times each evening shall the repetion of *Allah la illah, Mohammed Resoul Allah*, preserve thy son in the paths of the faithful. Mild and serene was that evening on which we parted, on the shore of Istamboul, resplendent were the beams of the setting crescent, the symbol of our sublime

Sultan, and soft was the breeze that wafted us to the war-ship of these extraordinary islanders. How oft have we most learned Effendi, whilst philosophising in the groves of Pera, how oft have we admired the gloomy resolution of the *Derviche*, who, after digging his own grave, by a holy vow, occupied it as a residence during life; but what is that gloomy despondency, compared to the resignation of these infidels, who with light hearts and thoughtless heads, retire every evening to sleep in that hammock, which the next morning may be their winding sheet. Of their courage and coolness, we had seen sufficient proofs in the sea of Marmora; but never did I suppose that men unenlightened by our holy Prophet, and unworthy to mix among the *Houri* in our sacred paradise, could be so careless about the comforts of this world, or so thoughtless about the joys of the next. Scarcely had the orb of day shed his earliest beams on the hills of Chalcedon, when sounds the most shrill and most discordant aroused me from my slumber; starting from my couch, I rushed on deck, where an extraordinary scene arrested thy pupil's attention. Confusion, noise, and bustle for a moment seemed to reign around, but in an instant all was hushed as the bosom of night, save the sprightly sounds of the fife and drum, and the measured steps of the seamen, whilst heaving round the capstan. A few minutes only elapsed, when a hoarse voice from forward, gave a pause to their exertions, the sails were loosed, and set to catch the breeze, and the towers of Istamboul receded from the sight. A favourable breeze wafted us through the sea of Marmora, and past the towers of Hellespont, sacred to the love-sick maiden, and the pining youth, from the woes of Hero and her Leander; the plains of Troy arrested our attention; low are thy towers, oh, Ilium, sunk are thy honours in the dust, and scattered by the passing breeze; where erst the raven croaked over thy proud battlements, now glides the noxious serpent, and the hideous toad sits bloating on thy ruins! Lemnos and Tenedos, fade like a vision, and soon the rocky shores of Eubœa appear in sight; then winding through the mazy channels of Andros, Tenos, and Naxos, we pass the dangerous Cyclades, until the green hills of Cythera, even now sacred to Venus, rise to view. The Prophet speeds our holy mission, and favouring gales, carry us past the fertile plains of Sicily, the frowning rocks of Malta, and the wide extended deserts of Barbary, until the pillars of Hercules seem to point out to us a new world. With what veneration did I view the gloomy Gibraltar, where the soldiers of the Prophet first planted the crescent, and soon spread the holy faith over the smiling plains and dark-brown mountains of Spain; a fresh gale wafted us through these memorable Straights, we entered upon a new and awfully extended ocean, and the lofty hills of Spain and Barbary, sunk beneath the horizon, gilded by the beams of the setting sun. Another week brought us into the British seas, though, indeed, all seas may be denominated British, for not a sail did we espy through our long and devious course, which did not carry the crimson cross of this queen of the ocean. Soon the sight of Albion's white cliffs roused each heart in board, to thoughts of home, and even I, while contemplating the green hills of Wight, and the thickly wooded grounds on the opposite coast, thought with a sigh on the date groves of Selymbria, at thy country residence, and of my days of earliest youth, when sportive fancy led me round the shades of Adrianople. Soon did the boat, obedient to the well-regulated oar, bear us on shore beneath the walls of Portsmouth, but holy Prophet! how shall I describe the scenes that met my eager view; the sentinels who stalked around with fiercest military look, seemed totally disregarded by the crowd of females, not indeed fair as the Houri who shall bless the arms of faithful Mussulmen, but equally disposed to give the sons of the Prophet a foretaste of those joys even in this world; but soon the crowd of smooth-chinned infidels became intolerable, following our interpreter, we rushed through them, and gained the Caravanserai, glad to hide our beards from the inquisitiveness of those who, having no beards themselves to insure respect, seem to consider as beings of another nature, those who have. The importance of our mission prompted us to hasten to the capital; but of this journey, and our arrival there, thou shalt, most learned Effendi, be informed in the next letter, from thy respectful

Abdul Ebn Hamed.

THEODORE D'ABLANCOURT.

(Continued from page 24.)

SAFE in the bosom of peace, Theodore dedicated the following days to the task of restoring hope and comfort to the anxious parent and his dejected daughter. Like the gale of spring that sports on the blossom nipped by unexpected frost, till its half-withered leaves expand again, and the brightness of its tints return, Theodore watched over the melancholy maid, and by the assiduity of his cares dispelled her grief, and bade the light of serenity once more spread over her countenance. The idea of renouncing the social world for ever, and suffering life to wither away within the walls of the silent cloister became every day less pleasing, and she smiled with gratitude on the youth whose unaffected warmth in her welfare had served to weaken, if not dissipate, her favourite illusions. Though born beneath an humble roof, the sanctuary of virtue and unrewarded courage, her mind had soared beyond the sphere in which nature, or circumstances had placed her. The education which she received in the convent, had taught her all the sciences that add to the charms of society, and the happiness of mankind. Of late, whilst the fervour of her religious enthusiasm wafted her wishes to the foot of the altar, she had neglected to cultivate the talents which she possessed, but now they proved a source of consolation to her heart, and admiration in the breast of Theodore. He beheld her every day more lovely, and more deserving of his esteem, and every day new hopes of felicity gladdened his soul. He renewed his exertions to banish Clementine's anxiety, and her brightening looks told him that his labours were not useless. Her father thanked him with the honest frankness of an old warrior, for the protection he afforded them; and the pride that filled his heart at the sight of his daughter's perfections, which had never been so successfully displayed in his cottage, increased his share of delight and joy: whilst blushing with health and youth, the timid pair yielded unconsciously to the power of love.

Ignorant of the rapid progress of the revolution, and lulled into security by a pure unsullied conscience, the inhabitants of Ablancourt Castle scarcely heard the expiring murmur of the distant storm. The immence woods that encircled their ancient towers, snatched them from the glance of the destroyers, and seldom did Theodore and his guest extend their wanderings beyond the shelter of the trees. One evening, as they had strayed among the hills that bounded the possessions of the youth, they beheld beneath an over shadowing rock, a traveller, apparently overpowered with heat and fatigue. Theodore hastened towards him, and after offering him the assistance which he could afford, enquired the cause of his present state. "Alas!" answered the stranger, "I "have been torn by barbarians from my native "home! Nantes sinks under the weight of op- "pression, and I have fled from that desolate "city. Loaded with the most precious stores "which I could collect, I escaped from the "hands of our tyrants, to seek a refuge in a "distant province, but my strength, my limbs "have failed, and without your kind offers I "must have resigned my breath at the foot of "this lonely, inhospitable rock." "The un- "happy have always found a welcome in my "dwelling," Theodore exclaimed, "the brands "of rebellious madmen have spared my peace- "ful retreat; it will open once more to snatch "a victim from the grave of destruction, and "make me taste the delight of proving useful "to a fellow creature. As long as danger shall "hover around us, you may share the security "we enjoy, and when the rage of parties shall "have subsided, if your home be not left stand- "ing amid the ruins of your ill-fated city, I "promise to gratify your wishes by furthering "your flight to the part of this vast empire, "which you intend to explore in search of "tranquillity."

A smile of silent gratitude, that cheered the expressive features of the stranger, and a glance of approbation from the eyes of Clementine, who, with her aged father, had reached the spot, rewarded the benevolent pity of the youth. He hastened to raise the fatigued traveller, who leaning upon him and the maiden's arm, was led slowly to the castle, whilst the weak, but hearty soldier, dragged along the weight of his baggage.

Anxious for the long expected return of his master and his companions, Peter had stationed himself at the gate of the castle. He now beheld the new guest with astonishment, which

increased when he was placed under his care and repeated his former narrative. The heart of youth pours its warmth into generous and but too often inconsiderate and imprudent actions, whilst age contracts the feelings, unbends the springs of the most powerful passions, and yields to the slow but strong impulse of fearful mistrust. Having listened to the stranger's tale, whilst preparing him a bed in one of the best apartments of the castle, Peter seized an opportunity when his master was alone to point out the danger of admitting into the bosom of his family a man, who seemed indeed to have claims on his compassion, but could urge none on such affectionate kindness. He besought him to reflect on the deceitfulness of men, who in revolutionary times might assume the mask of distress to shelter the spy, or effect the purposes of guilt. But D'Ablancourt, who had never deceived others, spurned at suspicion, and thought crimes and treachery could not speak the language, or wear the features of persecuted innocence. He reproved Peter for the inhospitable tendency of his remarks, and strictly forbade his watching over the stranger's actions during his abode in the castle. Though his aged hands had rocked the cradle of his master, the faithful servant presumed to advise, but never dared to disobey him: he therefore confined his anxiety within his own bosom, and forbore betraying it any more by external marks.

Ferrand (such was the stranger's name) was so totally recovered the next morning after his arrival at D'Ablancourt castle, as to leave his apartment, and join the family at breakfast. His appearance was hailed with joy by the unsuspecting Theodore and his friends. They had now an opportunity of examining his features, and judging by his manners and conversation of the truth of the story, which he had related. He seemed about thirty, his person was middle sized and well made, and the paleness of his cheeks formed a striking contrast with the fiery darkness of his black eyes. His countenance bespoke him a Spaniard, but the levity of his manner and liveliness of his conversation, though labouring under the iron hand of misfortune, proclaimed him a native of France. Having heard Clementine's musical talents praised by her lover, he immediately offered to accompany her on the violin, if such an instrument could be procured, as he modestly declared that in former days the greatest amateurs of harmony at Nantes had not listened to his strains without pleasure. His wish was gratified, and the expectations which he had raised were not disappointed. The most difficult passages he played with the easy negligence of a master, and when commended for the unrivalled skill he had displayed, he exclaimed that he had only sported with their taste, but that he would shortly enable them to hear more delicious music. These words passed unnoticed at this moment when admiration was wound up to the highest pitch, and when they were repeated by the voice of recollection, it was at a time and in a situation in which may the mercy of Heaven never place another being.

When the morning concert was over they learned from the stranger, that he was a bachelor, who lived with his only sister, whom he had been compelled to forsake. In return for his condescension in entering into such details, he enquired whether Theodore could boast the lovely Clementine for his sister, and cautioned him against allowing her to venture beyond the shelter of his castle, lest the lawless republicans should snatch her from his arms. He then found means through artful questions, apparently springing from gratitude and interest, to ascertain the state of his fortune, and then withdrew under the pretence of writing letters to some relations, who living in a distant province, might have escaped the bursting tempest of the revolution.

Mindless of the perils that threatened them, Clementine engaged Theodore and her father to pay a last visit to the small island, in the fertile vales of which she had spent the first years of her existence. They sent an invitation to Ferrand to accompany them, but he urged the same plea which he had already employed to excuse his absence, and the old soldier thinking it his duty to keep him company, attended his daughter and Theodore to the woody banks of the Loire, and after watching the boat in which they embarked, and listening to the dashing of its oars, as long as the course of the river and the silence of the surrounding scenery would allow, with the slow steps of age returned to the castle.

In a few hours as the tide and the winds favoured their purpose and quickened their progress, they reached the shores of the island. The loud song of the husbandmen and the labourer greeted no longer their ears as they approached. The rising harvest that lately began to wave in almost every vale, was crushed and trampled under foot: the verdure of the fields was withered, the humble cottages in which the sons of toil used to dwell were overthrown. In vain their eyes sought

the white steeple, whose pointed roof formerly peeped over the top of the hill that divides the island in two: a column of smoke was the only object they descried.—"Impiety has left the print of its footsteps on this soil," Clementine exclaimed, "the habitations of mortal men "are destroyed, and the earthly temples of the "Most High, the everlasting and unchangeable "God, have melted into dust at its touch. But "short is the triumph of the impious, and soon "will religion's wounds be healed. Let us "retire from this scene of ruin and desolation, "whose solitude is interrupted, whose silence "is broken by our presence and our voice "alone. Yonder stood our cottage: it is now "levelled with the ground, and the barbarians "have not even spared the aged elm, whose "shade has so often sheltered my father's even-"ing slumbers!"—"Stay awhile Clementine," Theodore replied, "let us wander over these "lonely fields, and explore these smoking "ruins. Some unfortunate victim to the ty-"rants' rage may perhaps still breathe helpless "and forsaken." Such a motive insured Clementine's consent, and they slowly ascended the hill, on the other side of which the village once stood. Dying flames, and irregular columns of smoke marked the spot. They approached, but no voice implored their assistance; they examined every shed that was not totally destroyed, but no human being met their sight. At last they drew near to the parish church; the roof was fallen in, the lofty steeple had sunk overthrown to the ground, and the walls that had so often resounded with the hymns of religion were enveloped in a cloud of smoke, from which hissing flames now and then burst, when the fire reached the richly framed paintings, with which their interior was adorned. Here they paused in melancholy silence; they raised their eyes to heaven, and as the hill on which they stood commanded a wide prospect, descried afar off on the glittering waters of the Loire, numerous barges laden with the plunder of the island, and rowed by the conquering republicans, easily known by the red caps which some of them triumphantly waved in the air, whilst the shifting breezes now and then wafted the wild yells of their mistaken enthusiasm to the ears of the afflicted Theodore and his courageous though disconsolate companion. The windings of the river, and the elevation of its banks soon concealed the barges of the plunderers from their sight, and the shouts of "*Liberté! liberté cherie!*" ceased to thunder on the gale.

They were about to leave this saddening spot and returning to their bark, when a loud moan at a short distance from them, awoke their attention. It seemed to proceed from the other side of the burning church, and they hastened over the broken fragments of the steeple to yield assistance to the unhappy being from whom it sprang. On turning the right angle of the wall, they perceived that a small chapel at the extremity of the choir had as yet escaped the fury of the fire, though it began to be involved in smoke. They rushed towards it, and penetrated through its gothic windows, beneath its vaulted sanctuary, where they saw an aged priest, dressed in his holy garb, his head uncovered, his white beard streaming on his breast, his hands joined in prayer, but bound together, his knees resting on the steps that led to a small altar, and fastened by an iron chain to the marble image of his Redeemer that had been mutilated by the hand of the impious, and thrown down from the sacred place which it occupied. The torrents of smoke which rolled forward, impelled by the rising wind, impeded his respiration, and checked his speech. He beheld Theodore but vainly attempted to address him. The youth grasped his chain, which resisted the exertions of his strength, till the arm of the statue round which it was fastened was detached from the body, he then dragged the fainting priest into the open air, where his care and that of the anxious Clementine, and the freshness of the evening breezes that began to blow, in a short time restored him to life and gratitude.

(To be continued).

ANECDOTE OF NICOLO PESCE, A FAMOUS SICILIAN DIVER.

IN the times of Frederic, King of Sicily, says Kircher, there lived a celebrated diver, whose name was Nicholas, and who, from his amazing skill in swimming, was surnamed the *Fish*. He often swam over from Sicily into Calabria, a tempestuous and dangerous voyage, carrying letters for the king.—He would also swim among the Gulphs of the Lissari islands,

no way apprehensive of danger. Some mariners, out at sea one day, observed something at a distance from them, which they regarded as a sea monster, but upon its approach it was known to be Nicholas, whom they took into their ship. When they asked him whither he was going in so stormy and rough a sea, and at such a distance from land? he showed them a packet of letters, which he was carrying to one of the towns of Italy, exactly done up in a leather bag, in such a manner as that they could not be wetted by the sea. He kept them thus company for some time in their voyage, conversing and asking questions, and after eating a hearty meal with them, he took his leave, and jumping into the sea pursued his voyage alone. In order to aid these powers of enduring in the deep, Nature seemed to have assisted him in a very extraordinary manner: for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed, as in a goose; and his chest became so very capacious, that he could take in, at one inspiration, as much breath as would serve him for a whole day.

The account of so extraordinary a person did not fail to reach the king himself, who commanded Nicholas to be brought before him. It was no easy matter to find Nicholas, who generally spent his time in the solitudes of the deep; but, at last, after much searching, he was found, and brought before his Majesty. The curiosity of this monarch had been long excited by the accounts he had heard of the bottom of the Gulph of Charybdis; he now, therefore, conceived that it would be a proper opportunity to have more certain information. He, therefore, commanded our poor diver to examine the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool; and as an incitement to his obedience, he ordered a golden cup to be flung into it.—Nicholas was not insensible of the danger to which he was exposed—dangers better known only to himself; and, therefore, he presumed to remonstrate: but the hopes of the reward, the desire of pleasing the king, and the pleasure of shewing his skill, at last prevailed. He instantly jumped into the gulf, and was as instantly swallowed up in its bosom. He continued for three-quarters of an hour below, during which time the king and his attendants remained on shore: the cup was made the reward of his enterprize; the king ordered him to be taken proper care of; and as he was somewhat fatigued and debilitated by his labour, after a hearty meal he was put to bed, and permitted to refresh himself by sleeping. When his spirits were thus restored, he was again brought to satisfy the king's curiosity with a narrative of the wonders he had seen, and his account was to the following effect. He would never, he said, have obeyed the king's commands, had he been apprised of half the dangers that were before him. There were four things, he said, which rendered the gulf dreadful, not only to men, but to fishes themselves. 1, The force of the water bursting up from the bottom, which required great strength to resist. 2, The abruptness of the rocks, that on every side threatened destruction. 3, The force of the whirlpool dashing against those rocks. And 4, The number and magnitude of the polypus fish, some of which appeared as large as a man; and which every where sticking against the rocks, projected their bulbous arms to entangle him. Being asked how he was able so readily to find the cup that had been thrown in? he replied, that it happened to be flung by the waves into the cavity of a rock, against which he himself was urged in his descent. This account, however, did not satisfy the king's curiosity. Being requested to venture once more into the gulf for further discoveries, he at first refused; but the king desirous of having the most exact information possible of all things to be found in the gulf, repeated his solicitations; and to give them still greater weight, produced a larger cup than the former, and added also a purse of gold. Upon these considerations, the unfortunate diver once again plunged into the whirlpool, and was never heard of more.

LA BONNE BOUCHE.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF THE WEALTH OF BRITAIN.

THE *value* of money is so arbitrary, that nobody can judge of it properly but by comparison; the idea of a million is as easily conceived in words or figures, as of a thousand, but were we to see the two sums, the *difference* would be then surprising. In like manner, by shewing what England *was*, and what England *is*, we may form a comparative knowledge o

our resources, and of our burthens. In the 12th century, the population of England was about three millions at the most, perhaps not more than two and a half. Commerce was almost unknown, and manufactures *particularly* the woollen, little attended to, yet William the Conqueror had an income arising from his own manors, from aids and wards, and from the county payments into the Exchequer, amounting to about 1000*l.* per day. The pound sterling at that time contained three times the quantity of silver it does at present, and was worth at least twenty times as much, from the quantity of necessaries it would purchase, so that it may be considered that the total annual revenue was equivalent to twenty-five millions of the present day. In the same proportion, allowing eleven millions for the population of Great Britain, it would bear a revenue of ninety millions at the present day, which, however, does not amount to more than sixty millions, notwithstanding our means of meeting it, both from commerce and manufactures having so wonderfully increased. This shews also, that we have nothing to fear for our resources, since our expences have not encreased in proportion to the deterioration even of the value of money as a sign of wealth.

INGENUITY OF PRISONERS IN FRANCE.

The powers of the human mind can only be developed by degrees, and in general must be forced into action; this is strongly exemplified by the patience, perseverance, and ingenuity which has repeatedly been displayed in a state of confinement. The strictest means have been used in some prisons, to prevent communication among those confined within their walls, and yet means have been adopted (particularly in the *Bicetre* at Paris, under the old regime) to form and preserve a kind of acquaintance in a manner that on a cursory view would appear visionary and impossible. In the Bicetre the prisoners were all confined in separate cells, and were allowed no kind of knife or tool, except a small piece of iron; with this, however, they discovered a mode of manufacturing straw, which they were enabled sometimes to dispose of by the lenity of the keepers. It appears strange that people, unable to converse with each other, should be able to teach this art to a new prisoner, but even this was done by means of small looking-glasses, which were placed so in the windows of each cell, as to reflect each other in different angles, and thus to carry to the highest rooms, what was going on below. Nay, such was their skill and readiness in the use of these mirrors, that they contrived to solace the dull hours of confinement, by viewing what was going on in that world from which they were shut out. They took it in turns to occupy a station near the gate, and by keeping one of these mirrors in the hand of the person stationed there, every one who went past was reflected so as to be seen by the curious or the idle, thus preserving their minds from the dull apathy of solitary confinement. This would, however, be too extraordinary to gain belief, if it were not mentioned by more than one modern writer on the curiosities of Paris.

MASQUERADERS IN REAL LIFE.

It was a well-remembered anecdote, at the *late* Court of France, that at a ball and masquerade given to the *noblesse*, much attention was excited by the following laughable circumstance. During the festive scene, a tall figure in a yellow domino, was seen to approach one of the sideboards, where the choicest viands were laid out, and to eat of every delicacy in a most voracious manner. He then retired, but returned again to the attack, and in the course of the evening contrived to commit great havoc and destruction among the good things on the different tables. The quantity of wine he drank, was also a matter of astonishment to the attendants, who called the attention of the company to this phenomenon. The yellow domino, without noticing their observations, proceeded to gratify himself with delicacies in all directions, when he was more narrowly watched, and seen to retire, pass into the centre of the Swiss Guard, and then return again in a few minutes. Determined to know whether he was man or devil, one of the company seized him and insisted upon his unmasking, when lo! it appeared that the *yellow domino*, during the course of the evening, had served as a passport to half of the Swiss Guard, to enjoy the good things so plentifully spread before them, but which their dress and their duty had alike precluded them from partaking of.

MARITIME ARITHMETIC.

A jolly tar just returned from a long cruize in the Bay, on the arrival of his ship in harbour for an overhawl, happened to meet his old friend and messmate Blowsy Bet, and was so overjoyed that he determined to commit matrimony, by way of giving a keener relish to her charms. They accordingly proceeded to the parish church, attended by their friends, and on their arrival at the altar, the clerk made some inquiries *about the fees*, before the

clergyman performed the office. The sum in their possession being rather *short*, the parson demurred, when Jack thrusting his few shillings into the sleeve of his cassoc, exclaimed, "Damn it, brother, never mind! marry us, "*as far as it will go.*"

GREAT EVENTS FROM SMALL CAUSES.

Many volumes were written by deplomatists and would-be politicians in the time of Louis the XIVth, to prove the reasons why the league of Augsburg had been broken, and a war commenced in which all the great European Powers took a part. Many supposed it to originate from the remains of the *Mazarine* party, and others from the Minister having been personally offended by the Ambassador of a great Power, but from some secret memoirs of the time it appears to have originated from a cause even more trivial. Louvois, the Minister and favourite of the King, found by engaging his master's attention in minor pursuits, and by paying him what the French call *les petits soins*, such as partaking of his amusements, overseeing his gardens, buildings, &c. that he was enabled to pursue his own policy in affairs of greater moment; this plan was, however, suddenly shaken by some harsh observations of the King, respecting *a window* in a building which Louvois had planned in the gardens of Versailles. The Minister immediately after, meeting with Villacerf, Tilladet, and St. Romaine, all courtiers in his confidence, and unable to conceal his chagrin, exclaimed, "I am undone, if I do not "find some occupation for this man, who flies "into a rage even at trifles. War is the only "pursuit which can detach him from his pre-"sent hobby-horse; and war he shall have, "since he must either quarrel with *me*, or "some neighbouring Power." A war soon followed, in which Europe bled, to save a Minister from his master's bad temper!

SINCERITY OF COURTLY FLATTERY.

One morning whilst Francis the First, of France, was sauntering in the picture gallery at Fontainbleau, accompanied by his courtiers, he observed Bouchet, a man of letters, but indigent, waiting in the gallery, as if to attract the royal attention. The King suddenly stopped, and, as if recollecting himself, exclaimed, "Aye, *this* man is good for something, he has "a better head than Duprat." He then passed on, but this extraordinary notice of the Monarch, immediately drew the pliant courtiers round the happy Bouchet. One whispered, he would certainly be Minister, another supposed he would at least be Chancellor, but all agreed as he had written verses (which, indeed, nobody before this had noticed) that he should be complimented as a great poet. Whilst all were thus endeavouring to engage the friendship of the man, of whose head the Monarch had such an opinion, the King returned, and calling to the inspector of his gardens, said cooly, "there's a fit model for your Neptune, "how could you think of Duprat, with his "little head and straggling beard? See that "forehead, those strong marked wrinkles, the "lank hair, and flowing beard. That is a fit "subject for the statuary, therefore Bouchet, "attend in the garden to-morrow, I shall engage "you *as a model* for *the statue of Neptune!*"

The courtiers burst into loud laughter, no longer judging it necessary to pay their court *to the representative of Neptune.*

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

MR. WHITBREAD'S LETTER TO LORD HOLLAND.

IN the warmth and hurry of debate the coolest statesman may be led by the enthusiasm of the moment beyond the sober dictates of reason or policy; he may be irritated into absurdity, or cross-questioned until he *explains* himself into contradiction; he may not understand himself, or may be misunderstood by others; yet, thanks to the liberty of the press, there is still a *dernier resort*, and an appeal to the public, in a letter to "the Editor," or an epistle to a Friend, like a writ of error at Westminster Hall entitles him to a second hearing. Under the apprehension of being misunderstood, in his late recommendation of pacific overtures, Mr. W. addresses his friend Lord Holland, recapitulates the proceedings in Parliament, on the subject of Spain, and after detailing his own conduct on the occasion, in deprecating the discussion so tenaciously adhered to by Mr. Sheridan, denies that he ever meant to

propose our sacrificing the interests of Spain for the sake of opening a negociation, and closes with some allusions to our *future* policy.

With his *advice* to Mr. Sheridan, it is certain that all parties were pleased, but as he has expressed his reasons for that advice more fully than in the House, it is not irrelevant to notice them; at the same time, with all our high respect for Mr. W.'s abilities, we must confess that we are not surprised at *these* reasons failing in their influence on his Right Hon. Friend.

"I thought it a case in which the servants "of the Crown ought to be left perfectly free "and unembarrassed, to choose the moment of "communication; *to form and execute their* "*own designs.*" So far the sense of the House seemed to be with him, but mark the reasons why Mr. W. wished the servants of the Crown to be left free in a matter which he did not suppose there was one among them capable of conducting. "I certainly could not so far for-"get all I had felt and said on their past con-"duct, as to be at once persuaded that the "present administration was composed of men "who were the most fit to be trusted with the "fortunes of the world at such a crisis; as to "suppose *that there was any one amongst* them "peculiarly adapted to the task of conducting "to a happy issue the efforts of a great peo-"ple, just entering upon a struggle against ty-"ranny and oppression, as glorious in all its "circumstances as any that has ever yet been "exhibited upon the face of the earth. But "they are of the King's appointment."—Now here Mr. W. seems to have placed himself in rather a curious dilemma, for though he could not be *at once* persuaded of their fitness to be trusted in the execution of their own designs, yet he must either have felt that, as a subsequent impression, or else he must have calmly resigned the conducting of such a glorious struggle to men unqualified for the important duty, and thus have left the unfortunate Spaniards to all the evils of ignorance, indecision, and imbecillity; for if we recollect right, these are the qualifications with which Mr. W. has for some time supposed his Majesty's Ministers to be plentifully endowed. Some of the friends of Ministers may perhaps be disposed to fix Mr. W. on the first horn of this dilemma, by proving that he is *now* convinced of their fitness and capacity, and certainly the inference would not be forced or illogical. In the 9th page of the Letter, we have the following candid declaration, which is highly honourable to Mr. W. as a statesman, but which, most certainly, when taken with the context, proves more than perhaps Mr. W. intended:—"Mi-"nisters had declared that no mixed interests "should interfere; that all the exertion should "be for Spain, and Spain alone; and I am "happy to acknowledge that the part of the "King's Speech, which relates to Spain, bears "out the professions which had been before "made. It has my unqualified approbation. "The policy is sound, and the expressions "could not have been better chosen."

After repeating his resolution of the 29th of February, to which he declares his continued adherence, expressing that "there was nothing "in the *present state* of the war, to preclude "his Majesty from embracing any fair oppor-"tunity of acceding to or commencing a nego-"ciation;" he complains that he had been accused of a wish to purchase peace, by abandoning Spain to her fate. This accusation he repels with an honourable warmth, and with a manly energy, which cannot fail to convince those who may have so far misunderstood him; yet whilst we do justice to the purity of his motives, we believe there are few who will join him in the opinion which he again repeats. "I am not however afraid to say, that the "present is a moment in which I think nego-"ciation might be proposed to the Emperor of "the French by Great Britain, with the cer-"tainty of this great advantage, that if the "negociation should be refused, we should be "at least sure of being right in the eyes of "God and man, an advantage which, in my "opinion, we have never yet possessed, from "the commencement of the contest to the pre-"sent hour, and the value of which is beyond "all calculation."

That the present is a moment in which negociation *might be proposed*, there is no doubt; and it might be proposed again and again, without being successful; indeed Mr. W. himself considers the attempt as a kind of forlorn hope, for he expressly says, "If Mr. Fox "were happily alive, and had power com-"mensurate with his ability, I see a *bare pos-"sibility* that his genius might turn this crisis to "such great account," that is to say, to ensure the emancipation of Spain, the enthronement of Ferdinand the Seventh, the amelioration of the government, through the means of the legitimate Cortes, or any other of their own chusing; "Is there a man existing," he then asks, "who would not prefer the accom-"plishment of these objects by the means of "negociation, rather than by the sword?"

Most certainly not; if Mr. Whitbread will prove to us that the first is most likely to succeed; but surely when he allows himself that it admits of a bare possibility alone, it would be madness and folly to quit our vantage ground, and get up a new farce of negociation. Oh, but then says Mr. Whitbread, "if the "negociation should be *refused*, we should be "at least sure of being right in the eyes of "God and man!" And why? if the contest would then be for Spanish liberty, is it not now for British liberty, for every thing dear to us as men, as Englishmen? Have we not already tried negociation, have not even Mr. W's friends already rung every change in the Diplomatic Belfry, from the *Status quo antea*, to the *uti possidetis*, without even fixing on a basis.

"But here," says Mr. Whitbread, "here is "my basis, or rather here are my conditions. "Nothing should be done, but in concert with "the Spaniards; and the complete evacuation "of Spain by the French armies, the abstinence from all interference in her internal "arrangements, the freedom of the Royal "Family, might be the conditions of the negociation." From so accurate a reasoner as Mr. W. and particularly whilst he is laying down a plan which is once more to close the Temple of Janus, and give peace to a distracted world, we have a right to expect a clearness of idea, and a phraseology which will not admit of ambiguity; yet in this very basis, on which as a fulcrum the lever of negociation is to act, there is a laxity of expression, which bids defiance to all certainty. Are we to consider "the conditions of the negociation" as steps antecedent to it, as conditions on the granting of which we will consent to commence a negociation; or are we to look upon those points, as forming the articles of the peace to be concluded. In this difficulty the context does not help us out, though Mr. W. seems to conclude that in addition to this, we have "some restitutions" to make.

"There is no humiliation in such a pro-"posal. What a grateful opportunity would "at the same time present itself of making a "voluntary proffer of restitutions, which, "when demanded, it might perhaps be difficult "to accede to! What a moment to attempt "the salvation of Sweden, and the re-establishment of the tranquillity of the North."

With the exception of Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Roscoe, and a few of the Manchester weavers, we believe there is not a man in the empire who imagines that any restitutions we could make, or any terms for Spain we could insist on, would at the present moment ensure a successful result to negociation; besides we will ask, could we demand those conditions, before the patriotic gallantry of the Spaniards had shewn that they were not only worthy of possessing, but also capable of securing to themselves those very blessings, which Mr. W. wishes to maintain *by a dash of the pen*. Could we have demanded them at the time when Mr. W. expressed his opinion; or were we on a *bare possibility* of succeeding, and that only could the negociation have been conducted by Mr. Fox, were we to paralyse the energies of the Spanish people, by temporizing diplomacy, to sit down quietly and see the fields of Spain embrued in Spanish blood, and by sending an ambassador to Bayonne, to wait upon the tyrants leisure, apparently give colour, and consent to this climax of atrocities?

If a thoughtless confidence is apt to produce a dangerous apathy in political affairs, the opposite feeling of doubt and despondency produces exactly the same effect; we are therefore sorry to see that Mr. Whitbread, a man whose cool judgment is respected by all parties, that such a man, at the present momentous crisis, should present to his fellow citizens, the darkly shaded picture with which he closes his work; he trusts "that in contemplating the success of "Spain, they will not be carried back to old "visionary schemes, which have been so often "tried, and have so often failed; and a re-"newal of which, *under any circumstances*, "would prove abortive, and could only cement "more strongly the power of France, and "again deluge the Continent with blood."

Resistance certainly *may* be in vain, but will even unsuccessful resistance be worse than that passive feeling which would lay every thing at the feet of the conqueror; has Napoleon ever yet shewn that generous feeling which says to an insulted nation, "ye are depressed, and "therefore will I raise ye;" have not even those who fraternised with him, become the slaves of his will, and the blind agents of his policy; has not Spain herself, after a course of long suffering and active friendship, been driven from independence, robbed of her national honour, and given to *a Bonaparte*? then forbid it Heaven! that we should forbear to fan the glorious spark of liberty, which when once kindled to a flame, in the mountains of Asturias, may extend its influence over prostrate Europe, until every bosom feels the sacred glow, Heaven's choicest, best gift to man.

THE CRUSADERS; OR, THE MINSTRELS OF ACRE.

A POEM IN SIX CANTOS.

IN the course of the last year and a half, we have had occasion to notice two publications of Mr. Walter Scott; and in bestowing upon them our mingled admiration and reproof, we were induced to be more severe, not than truth fairly allowed, but certainly than justice or necessity exacted, because we feared that the faults of Mr. Scott were sweet faults, which would be admired, copied, and diffused, by poets who had not, as he has, merit enough to bear out their errors. Mr. Scott's genius possesses salt enough to preserve its lifeless members from corrupting the whole frame: but the minds of his imitators have no seasoning to save them from total rottenness, and exist only to pollute the atmosphere.

We have now to speak of an author who has chosen to copy Mr. Scott: and our readers will naturally expect that we can have little that is very favourable to say. We do not like such copyists: for Mr. Scott's genius cannot easily be copied, though his style may; and as his style is the greatest defect of his writing, a man who imitates that style only produces a bad poem. Such seems to have been exactly the course, and such has certainly been the issue of the writer about whom we are now to speak. In a short preface, he disclaims all imitation of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; but he disclaims it in such a manner, that if we had not clearly seen the fact from a glance at the first page on which we stumbled, we should have been quite convinced of it by the turn of the author's apology: for he says:

"Though it will sufficiently appear to the "readers of the following work, that it is not "an imitation of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, "yet the first idea of composing it was suggest- "ed to the mind of the author by the perusal "of that eminently beautiful poem. He con- "ceived that the wild harp which Mr. Walter "Scott has touched with so masterly a hand, "might not only adapt itself to a diversity "of subjects, but might even sound in unison "with the sublime lyre of scriptural pro- "phecy."

The plan of the *Crusaders* then *is not an imitation* of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, but *only a copy* of it. These are nice distinctions. But be this as it may, we have a great objection that any "harp" should be made an accompaniment to "the sublime lyre of scriptural prophecy." That which it is impossible to improve, it surely is unwise to touch: and who shall hope to improve the inspired writings?—Will all the pomp and magnificence of marching metre add greatness to the simple sublimity of heavenly oracles? or all the wandering chances of the wildest minstrelsy strike out a fortuitous grace that can beautify divine perfection?

But not only are the thoughts and poetry of the Scriptures incapable of improvement from human genius, but the historical events recorded in the Bible are in their own nature subjects that narration cannot clothe with a charm. One of the most vigorous poems of any age or of any country, the *Absalom* and *Achitophel* of Dryden is generally neglected, and even has been directly attacked, for the allusions which it contains to accounts that are so little familiar as those of the Hebrew historians: and the only sufficient justification that has been set up in its favour is, that at the time when it was written the Bible history was much more generally known than at present, by the strenuous and widely-diffused exertions of the religiously political sects that were then so numerous. But what shall we say of a man who writes a poem, not at a time when the subject is still interesting or intelligible, but at a time when the Bible histories are known to nobody except a few of the clergy; not on a subject containing mere allusions to obscure points, but on a subject where fable is entirely composed of such points; not in a simple and regular style, but in the measure and spirit of a Robinhood Ballad? Shall we not say that such an author has wasted his own time, insufficiently earned the money of his readers, and injured society by contributing to rise the price of paper?

This work is divided into six cantos: but it has not the merit even of confining itself to one subject, and therefore it might as well have been divided in almost any other way. The first book is a sort of introduction. The conquest of Acre by the Crusaders is cursorily touched, and then Richard, King of England, is made to invite the other chiefs,

" The lords of Normandy and Maine,
" Great Salem's king, and all his train,
" And Philip, and his peers of Gaul :

to a royal feast for the victory.

In the second canto, Lusignan calls upon Anselm, a minstrel. He sings the account of the crusade undertaken by the German emperor, Conrad the Third, who was treacherously led into the desert by false guides, and defeated by the Infidels, on his march to Iconium.

In the third canto, the King of France commands the minstrelsy of Bernardin, who tells a story of the persecution and ultimate martyrdom which his father and mother underwent for the Albigensian heresy.

King Richard, in the fourth canto, calls upon Egbert to sing. He relates a story of his having been taken prisoner in battle, and sold as a slave to a sheik of Lebanon. This sheik pardoned the life of his own son's murderer: and by that very murderer was himself preserved from death in an attack made upon him by the Arabs, as he returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca. The poor old man was immediately afterwards killed by the blast of the desert, and the minstrel who relates this story has been brought a captive to Cairo, and ransomed by Richard.

King Richard, who occupies rather an unfair proportion of the patronage at this feast, now calls upon another minstrel, who occupies this and the following books with prophecies of the restoration of the Jews and the Millenium; and the poem ends.

A less interesting production than this it has not been very often our misfortune to encounter. There is hardly any kind of beauty which it contains, and hardly any kind of fault in which it does not abound. The arrangement, as our readers will easily see from the short account that we have here given, is an arrangement without method. The story is not one tale, but four, all totally unconnected; and it remains for us only to give to our subscribers, if indeed they can feel any further curiosity on such a subject, some notion of the style which our author has composed after the idea suggested by Mr. Scott's works. And on this part of the subject we shall bestow more space than on the questions of the interest and disposition of the fable, because we think that upon the right understanding of this part of the subject, and on the conviction that we wish to produce in the public mind of the utter futility of this kind of writing, depend events which must be of the greatest consequence to the taste and literature of the country. When these are put in jeopardy, and we think that by such innovations as these they are most seriously endangered, it would ill become us, as critics, to slumber at our post.

Mr. Scott, when, by the mouth of a rude minstrel, he enumerates the bands of chieftains equally unpolished, may perhaps be considered by many persons as not altogether inexcusable for adapting the style of his poetry to the style of his subject, and rolling on uncouth and half-formed, though not unmusical verses. We are a little surprised, but perhaps not displeased beyond the power of pardoning, when we find Mr. Scott summing up the catalogue of his heroes with such a couplet as this :

" And the minstrels, as they marched in order,
" Played 'Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on
" the border.'"

This is no metre to be sure: but its general effect is not too rough to be endured, and the ruggedness of the subject palliates, if it does not excuse, such a style of versification. But no such plea can be urged by the author of a poem on the subject of the Crusades; for to the Crusades we have attached ideas of poetical reverence, almost amounting to superstition: our whole feeling has something mysterious and magnificent. The assemblage of armies from so many distant lands, the union of so many hostile powers in one common object, the confederation of all the grandeur and glory of Europe, and above all, the mixed sensations of religious enthusiasm, and dæmoniac terrors, have conspired to raise the story of the Crusades to a greater height in the minds of men than almost any topic of history or fancy that could be made the subject of a poem. Surely such a story was not to be told in such lines as these :

xx. p. 18.

" Never, since Hastings' mournful day,
" Was stained with Harold's blood,
" Has England in so vast array,
" Around her monarch stood;
" For royal London, with gates unbarr'd,
" Her sons has poured forth, their sovereign's
" guard,
" With Richard to cross the sea,
" And from Dover Cliff to Cestrian Dee,
" Down and valley, and woodland along,
" To join them the hardy Bill-men throng," &c.

In vain have we searched the poem for any passage which we may extract, as a very favourable specimen of the work; but among

those which are least remote from merit, is the following description of a minstrel:

iv. p. 105.

"In youth, his breast with rapture warm,
" Glow'd at each grace of nature's form:
" And to the lyre's responsive string,
" The charms he felt he still would sing.
" But deeper lay the hidden source
" Whence the impression drew its force.
" In all of beautiful or grand,
" He welcomed the Creator's hand;
" And when, with elevated soul,
" He mark'd the train of planets roll,
" Surveyed the morning's dappled sky,
" Or Ocean's billows heaving high;
" Gazed on the mountain's cloudy brow,
" Or lake in noontide calm below;
" Or listen'd to the vernal blast;
" Or o'er the snowy desert past;
" Or on the fields of autumn smiled;
" Or in the forest's varied wild,
" Dark woods or lawns of sun-shine trod:
" He loved them, as the works of God."

What there is of good in these lines, is good inasmuch as it resembles Dr. Beattie's poem of the *Minstrel*.

Although we have no personal dislike to the author of the *Crusaders*, and do not even know his name, yet we own ourselves rejoiced at having found so little to commend in a poem that is written upon principles. Error, as long as it is recommended by its union with merit, [illegible] nue to be cultivated and admired: [illegible] t is beheld without merit, it is seen [illegible] e deformity, and every body shuns [illegible] erefore, our earnest wish that every [illegible] which is written upon the false principles shewn by Mr. Scott, and diffused by his imitators, will contain as little merit as this rhapsody of the *Crusaders*, and then we may hope that the style will soon go out of fashion.

BLACKHEATH, A POEM, IN FIVE CANTOS,

LUMENA, OR THE ANCIENT BRITISH BATTLE, AND A TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ARGONAUTICA OF C. VALERIUS FLACCUS, &c.

BY T. NOBLE.

THE *descriptive* and the *didactic*, have been so completely hackneyed in the paths of Helicon, that a *new* work on either subject makes us exclaim with the Poet "*Ecce iterum Crispinus*;" such was our idea on seeing a *Poem on Blackheath* ushered to the world in splendid quarto, with all the attractions of the *burin* and of the *press*. A long list of subscribers, and a dedication to the Princess of Wales, thus *making interest* as it were, with the *friends of the muses*, did not tend, most certainly, to raise our expectations of poetic merit, on a subject *so barren* as Blackheath; yet were we most agreeably disappointed on perusing the poem itself. The author taking the Heath simply as the foreground of his picture, draws bold outlines of the surrounding scenery, and of the ideas arising from it, which in some parts he fills up with the magic colouring of the richest imagery, whilst in others, by a judicious fore-shortening, he fixes the mind's eye on the mellowed tints of the ideal distance. The *design* of the poem is a morning walk, we cannot therefore give a more appropriate extract than that of the dawn of the morning, as seen from the Heath:

" The sun is risen:—the wide concave vault
" Expands with day,—life feels the flood of
" light
" Pour through its very fibre and awakes!
" The feathered music from each thorny shrub,
" Each budding bush, or *intertangled* glade,
" Darts upward full of song; and in the sky
" Meets and salutes the vivifying beams.
" The Orient teems with glories;—every cloud,
" And every vapour that obeys the heat,
" And mantles trembling on the waves of air,
" Displays rich sapphire folds,—while fiery
" gold
" Burns on the borders—or, with rubied light,
" Beneath an ever varying purple gleam,
" Whose highest ridge the *sober indigo*
" Deepening, invests, permits the attentive
" eye
" Undazzled for a while a steadfast gaze.
" With what effulgency,—what pomp of light
" The roseate radiance streams along the sky!

" Here, where the silvery mist, transparent,
" robes
" The brighter Azure, lost in violet tints,
" Tender and tremulous it dies away;—
" There, with resplendent amber blended, flames
" So full a lustre, that the daring sight
" Sinks from the venturous glance and seeks
" repose
" Upon the humble verdure of the plain."

In this there is a correctness of colouring, which reminds us of the immortal Thomson, and which must please every admirer of nature; yet in some future edition, Mr. Noble may perhaps make a happy correction of " *sober indigo*" and " *roseate radiance*" the latter, however, we should not have noticed were it not that there are several other *specimens* of alliteration, such as " *direful dis-* " *sonance*, &c. &c," through the book: the word " *intertangled*" also, though certainly *expressive*, is yet we believe a *new one*.

As a companion to his morning's dawn, we shall now give the rising of the Moon from *page* 142.

" A deeper flow of shadow, eastward, plays
" In dusky folds, and o'er the landscape curls
" Its vapoury forms:—there travellers are
" heard
" With hasty footsteps echoing on the path:—
" The distant wheel—the hoof resounding
" quick—
" At intervals disturb the silent air:—
" And frequent where the waves encurve their
" course
" A soft light sparkles:—o'er the leafy banks
" A snowy brilliance, hesitating floats;—
" Or on these lofty turrets, glittering rests:
" A brightening azure mantles o'er the heavens;
" The horizon shines intense;—and soon ap-
" pears,
" In all the placid splendour of her beams,
" The broad orbed moon, who throws o'er all
the scene,
" In mild suffusion her irradiate calm."

The surrounding scenery naturally calls to his mind the mercantile wealth of England, and here his observations, though evidently judicious, are in direct opposition to Mr. Spence, and the *new school* of economists;

" ——— nor alone
" The arts of taste, but those of ruder mould,
" That purchase social life with urgent toil,
" Encouraged *by the merchant*, rise improved
" In honest emulation: hence the fleece
" With finer threads repays the shepherds care,
" And from the loom in softer fabric spreads
" Its downy folds: and hence the eager plough
" Grasps with unwearied share the barren
" heath,
" Till plenty smiles upon the vanquished glebe,
" And waves her wheaten tresses wide around."

These observations lead to the encouragement given to agriculture by the different societies, and the poet prompts to future encouragement by the following elegant address:

" Look round and see how many wastes extend
" Their steril bosoms; where the yellow broom
" The blushing eglantine, and snowy thorn,
Like beauteous braids around a harlots neck,
Spread useless; even where with matron
" pride,
The earth espoused to labour, should unveil
" Her breast, redundant with her children's
" food."

The expression from holy writ " Let there " be light, and there was light," has been much admired for its sublimity; Mr. Noble, with a daring pen, has traced a bold imitation of it:

" ——— Here reclined
" She meditates the great primeval law
" Which through the vast infinity of worlds,
" Was, *ere the utterance ceased that bade them,*
" BE,
" Felt in each center."———

There are many other passages deserving of our notice, but as it would swell our Review to an unusual size, we shall reserve some of the most striking for a place in our poetical selections of some succeeding month.

The poem of *Lumena*, the author himself says is his favourite: we do not indeed espy any peculiar beauties, it is however much superior to some of the shorter poems, which do but little credit to Mr. N's. fancy, whatever they may to his gratitude and admiration for the fair subjects of them. There is something so ludicrous in representing the directress of a Blackheath seminary as a tenth muse, and then giving an additional sonnet, to explain that the five stars ***** mean B. R. Y. &c. and that her name should be written in stars, because—she wrote on astronomy!—there is in short something so ludicrous in this effusion of gratitude or admiration, that we hope Mr. N. will winnow the chaff from the wheat in any future edition. The thought on the pens made for Mrs. H.

" When cold *this* hand which gives you shape,
" When cold *that* hand which sense shall give,
" While genius may from time escape,
" The praise of Hanway's pen shall live."

is nothing more than a namby pamby illustration of Buckingham's bombast on Drayton; where the monument or marble is to preserve Drayton's fame to the latest ages, and when time shall destroy the marble, then Drayton's *fame shall be its monument!* from such trash we turn with real pleasure to the most classical feature in the work.

In the Argonautica of *Valerius Flaccus*, which is introduced by a luminous preface, and accompanied by notes highly elucidatory of the subject, Mr. Noble has shewn himself both the scholar and the poet; he has strictly kept to the letter of the text, and yet has accomplished his task with a happy ease of versification, which preserves all the spirit of the original. This however is but the first book of the Argonautica, yet as Mr. N. promises to complete the translation *should he meet with encouragement*, we have no doubt whatever that he will have sufficient inducement to continue his poetic labours. This author has been little noticed in modern literature, as the translations of *Apollonius Rhodius* had filled up the vacant niche. Mr. N. and with justice too, considers Valerius as much superior to the former, though some may think that he perhaps displays too much parental fondness for his *protegée*. In his preface he very appropriately designates the Argonautic Expedition, as the "*first event* "which, emerging from the darkness of "the mythological eras, appears partially "and faintly illuminated with the beams of "approaching truth." He then speaks of it as the *first* attempt of maritime exertion; but here he is guilty of a small anachronism, as the Argonautic Expedition has been ascertained by Newton in his Chronology, to have taken place about 50 years posterior to the reign of Solomon, who it is well known from the sacred writings, *sent his ships* to Ophir and Tarshish. In his desire to excuse his favourite on the charge of imitation, and to shew that he ought not to be tried by the strict rules of *ancient criticism*, Mr. N. elegantly observes—"But the "creations of genius are not limited by art. "That speculative taste which hath ventured "to legislate for the imagination, would frequently perceive how feeble are its deductions, and how unwarrantable its authority, "if genius would dare to soar to nature herself, "who ought to be his guide. Had Valerius "Flaccus been fully conscious of his own "powers; had his reverence for Virgil not "made him so often shrink from himself, and "rely for excellence upon the strength of imitation;—there is no doubt from the strong "irradiation of original thought which perpetually displays itself, that Valerius Flaccus would have produced a poem, which, if "not strictly Epic, would have had as just a "claim to have become a precedent in the "legislation of criticism, as the Iliad, the "Odyssey, or the Eneid!" Hear this! ye ghosts of Aristotle, of Dacier, Burman, and of Bentley!

With the becoming modesty of a young poet, Mr. N. observes, that "a translator of an ancient classic author, into a modern language, "is to his original, what an engraver is to an "eminent painter, who with inferior materials "must give an accurate imitation, preserving "the same outline, the same shades, and shewing by his execution of the task, that he enters into all the ideas of the original; that in "fact he must *in mind* be the painter himself, "and yet in no instance go beyond his copy; "so it is with the poet and his translator." As a specimen of his imitative powers in the descriptive, we shall give the storm which assailed the Argonauts on their departure for Colchos; after enumerating the winds which rush from their various dens, he proceeds—

"Unanimous they bear, with deepening roar,
"The hoarse-ton'd billows 'gainst the sound-
"ing shore;
"Unanimous with furious gusts they rise,
"And roll the storm along the fiery skies;
"The fiery skies rush down, in thunder hurl'd,
"And the black vault of night o'erwhelms the
"world.
"The oars, wave beaten, tremble in each
"hold,
"The vessel reels, in whirling eddies roll'd
"Sideways she drives, loud billows o'er her
"cast,
"The loose sails, playing round the tottering
"mast,
"Scatter in fragments on the sweeping blast.
"How all the *minyæ* shuddered with amaze,
"As the black ether gleamed in horrid rays,
"And the pale stars their glimmering light
"concealed;
"And with dread shock, the shuddering vessel
"heel'd,
"Sinking the sail-yard, and the prostrate lee,
"Deep in the terrors of the yawning sea!"

Mr. N. unlike the generality of our fresh-water poets, adheres strictly to the technical accuracy of his original in all the marine descriptions, except in one part; when the Argonauts *prepare* to sail—

——" With speed on board they past;
" *Some lower the yard-arms from the lofty*
" *mast;*
" Some dip their oars, and try the rower's toils;
" *Argus the cable round the capstan coils.*"

Now, why they should lower down the yards when getting under weigh seems rather paradoxical, and it is no solution of the difficulty to say, that as they meant to pull they had no occasion for sails, for a few lines farther on it appears they used both sails and oars; the coiling the cable round the capstan, is also rather an unusual mode, nor is it strictly warranted by the original.

—— " *Hi celso cornua malo*
" *Expediunt:* alii tonsas in marmore summo
" Prœtentant: *prora funem legit argus ab*
" *altâ.*"

Now, instead of *lowering from the mast, expediunt celso malo*, may certainly as well be translated, *they fit to the mast*, thus making *malo* the dative instead of the ablative case; as to the last line, we believe it means no more than that the vessel being moored head and stern, Argus cast off the headfast, when she swung to the wind.

The grief of Pelias for the departure of his son Acastus, who had been enticed away by Jason, is simply yet energetically expressed:—

" Now through each chamber with distracted
" thought
" The tortured King for his Acastus sought:
" Prostrate along the moistened ground he lay.
" Where the youth's absent feet, had marked
" the way;
" He kissed each mark, with sad remindful
" care,
" And swept each footstep with his hoary
" hair."

The skill and cunning of Jason in tempting Acastus to join the expedition, and the effects of his persuasions on the youth, are also artfully drawn:—

" Think not," the leader cried, " base tears I
" ask,
" Thee I demand as partner of my task.
" What tracks of earth, what wide expanse of
" heaven
" Shall to our bold inquiring eyes be given!
" What oceans shall we open to mankind!
" This now perhaps dismays thy timid mind:
" But when our bark, returning with renown,
" Restores me to my loved Iolchian town,
" How wilt thou blush and curse thy dastard
" fate
" While fame our glorious deeds shall cele-
" brate;
" How shall I tell, impeded by thy sighs,
" What various nations met our wondering
" eyes?'
" The Prince no more could bear—

To give but a few, from the many extracts which thus present themselves, would far exceed our limits, we shall therefore refer our readers to the work itself, which under such august patronage, as the author is honoured with, must soon find its way into the fashionable circles of the *Beau Monde*.

FINE ARTS.

No. IV.

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

THE ardour of research was not only stimulated, but also completely gratified by the discovery of the immense number of paintings which adorned the walls of these subterranean cities, and were removed to the museum at Portici; some, however, were left in their places, and afford a pleasing satisfaction to the traveller whilst rambling midst this wreck of distant ages. Several of our modern travellers describe these which remain, as having originally been tinted in very vivid colours, sometimes of a bright red, a dark yellow, or an elegant blue; from the effects of time however, and perhaps the operation of heat, they have lost much of their original brilliancy, which nevertheless they recover for a few minutes on being sprinkled with water; it seems, however, that, this operation, though improving their appearance at the moment, has tended to hasten the decomposition of the colours. Of the landscapes which are left, some are described as exquisitely touched; and the garlands of flowers, and other Arabesque ornaments, have a serpentizing form, and a free-

VENUS APHRODITES, RISING FROM THE OCEAN.

From the undoubted Original Roman Painting preserved in the Cabinet

dom of outline, which shew a considerable proficiency with the pencil. The figures of men and cattle, birds, beasts, fishes, fruits and flowers, are accurately designed, though some of them are evidently grotesque; indeed they are in general as highly finished as can well be supposed in that early stage of the art. The landscapes, however, are not so highly finished as works of the same nature in more modern times, yet they are touched with a light and spirited hand, and executed in a manner, striking even to connoisseurs. It is true that all the paintings dug out of Herculaneum, are not of the first stile of painting even of that time, but this only proves that a mediocrity of talent existed amongst the ancients as well as amongst the moderns; besides as many of the [illegible]t pieces are done by the same hand, we [illegible] expect that he who excells in figure painting should be equally happy in the delineation of a landscape. Some of the paintings in cutting them from the walls have suffered injuries which cannot now be repaired, and the exposure to the air has damaged even those in the museum at Portici, although when first taken out they seemed to possess all their original brilliancy of colouring. The King of Naples having consigned the care of these precious remains, to a committee of the Neapolitan literati, assisted by the most learned from different parts of Europe, copies of the most valuable were taken by accurate artists; and the committee from time to time published their proceedings in this interesting pursuit. In their first publication, they selected such as would not only be illustrative of the arts, manners and taste of the ancients, but as would also shew that the painters of antiquity, understood what we now call keeping in their colouring, the relative diminution of objects in the distance, and all the minutiæ of real perspective, much better than has generally been supposed. No traces of oil colours have, however, yet been discovered, nor is any mention made of them, in any of the ancient writers; indeed all the specimens which remained are either in fresco, in water colours, or in distemper. It had been *generally* allowed, that they knew how to paint both in fresco, and in distemper, as both Pliny and Vitruvius state it expressly, yet a doubt remained whether they knew the application of distemper in painting *on their walls;* this doubt however has been fully cleared up by these paintings. The reasons assigned are as follow; in all pieces, where the upper colouring has been destroyed by damp, or other causes, the colour beneath it is discovered; this however is not the case in fresco painting, where the tints are always intimately mixed; it is evident also, that the most of these paintings have their first tint of one colour, usually red, green, or yellow, on which are painted the objects in their natural tints; for, instance, we see that in some, the ground is green, on which there is a red border, relieved again with a foliage of different colours; and in general these colours are such as we cannot imitate at the present day, particularly in the red, and violet. It has also been doubted by commentators, whether the ancients understood the art of painting on marble; it has however been asserted by some, that an expression in Pliny proves the fact, where he uses the words *Lapidem pingere*, but this again has been stated to mean nothing more than the variegation of it by different colours, in imitation of parti-coloured veins, and not the delineation of objects on its surface. *The specimen which we have selected to illustrate the present month, was dug up in the year* 1742, *and was found in a subterranean garden at Herculaneum, where it formed the termination of a vista; it represents a* VENUS, *floating on a shell on the surface of the ocean, accompanied by her son* CUPID. The body is exquisitely finished, and of a lively flesh colour, shaded with extreme nicety; the ribband which binds her hair is of a bright orange, the Arabesque ornaments on the legs are of a sea-green, and the fan which she holds in her hand, shaped like a leaf, is of a pale rose colour. It is remarkable, that this fan is exactly the shape of those which are now so usual in the East. The drapery, which in one part is supported by her left hand, and which is twined round the right, extends flying over the whole body, whilst the middle part, being blown about by the wind, and elevated in the air, forms a semicircle resembling a veil. This veil is of a changeable yellow, inclining to orange, relieved by brighter tints of a rich gold colour; the inside is of a pale green, which forms a striking contrast. The inside of the shell in which the Goddess reposes, is of a bright carnation, not all of one tint, but shaded slightly with a light leaden colour; the exterior part is a bright green relieved by white. The water of the sea and the dolphin, are of their natural colour, whilst the cupid which accompanies her, and seems to push the shell, is of a bright carnation; the whole forming an exquisite specimen, not only of their richness of colouring, but also shewing how well they understood elegance of design.

There is not, nor has there ever been, any subject so interesting to mankind, as the mysteries of the goddess of love; and when we trace back the traditions even of fabulous antiquity, we find the earliest poets of Greece, all warmly engaged in her service. Hesiod himself did not disdain to sing the origin of this bewitching goddess, whom he represents as springing from the foam and froth of the sea; this ancient tradition, however, though believed in Greece, is supposed to have had some allusion to the island of Cythera, being the birth-place of the goddess, who therefore figuratively sprung from the ocean. Homer indeed gives a different genealogy to the laughter-loving dame, and states her to be the daughter of Jupiter and Dione. The ancients, however, were not content with one Venus, for the philosophic Cicero himself, mentions no less than four of that name; the first the daughter of Cœlus and Aurora; the second, as described by Hesiod; the third, who appears to be Homer's Venus, the wife of Vulcan, and the goddess of crim. con.; and, the fourth, Astarte, the Phenician Venus, beloved by Adonis. This lady, indeed, seems to have made sad havoc among the greybeards of antiquity, for the sedate and accurate Pausanias, particularizes not less than three; one the celestial divinity presiding over platonic love; the second, a lady of more earthly mould, and as such bestowing her patronage on downright matrimony; and a third, the averting Venus, or *Apostrophia*, who banished all improper passions. From the extreme dissonance of these amatory legends, no exact conclusion can be drawn, nor did the ancients seem to aim at any, as their physiology, morality, and, even their history, are equally tinted with these fables; sometimes they describe their Venus, as a female of the loosest conduct, sometimes as a pure and celestial goddess, then, simply as a planet, or one of the passions. This figurative language is what has formed the mythology of the ancients; as Orpheus, Homer, and all the early poets, in allusion to the power of Venus, speak of her as forming the world, and keeping both gods and men, as slaves to her empire. Her worship originally commenced at Cythera, one of the Cyclades, from whence it passed into Greece, and as all nations in their infancy are fond of the marvellous, the Grecians not only described her as springing from the sea, but also gave her the name of *Aphrodites*, signifying, *produced by foam*. The fondness of the Grecian poets for embellishment is well known, we are not surprized therefore at their giving her a son, which idea however they seem to have borrowed from the Phenicians, whose *Astarte* had a son to Adonis. From this simple beginning commenced that love system, which has given such force and spirit to the ancient poets, to Anacreon, Theocritus, and the Grecian school, to Ovid, Horace, and Tibullus, in the gay regions of Italy: to Secundus, Bonefonius, Petrarch, down to Hammond and Armstrong of our own time; and, though last, yet not *least*, Mr. *Little!* Notwithstanding all the absurdities of the ancient mythology, there is yet an elegant simplicity in their ideas respecting the genial goddess. A young and blooming virgin, rises from the bosom of the deep, as it is elegantly expressed in the original from which our plate is taken, reclining on a shell; her transparent drapery floating in the breeze, she is wafted to the shore, and bends her steps to Mount Cythera, whilst the most fragrant flowers spring up under her footsteps; the *hours* are entrusted with her education, and soon accompany her to heaven, where her beauty excites universal admiration amongst the gods. She is however bestowed by Jupiter on his son Vulcan; her son Cupid becomes her powerful auxiliary, and with him, the Loves, the Graces, the Sports and Smiles in her train, she becomes the dispenser of joy and happiness, not only to the celestial regions, but also to her votaries on earth. Poets, sculptors, and painters, all press forward in her service; and of the latter in particular, we almost think we see that famous *chef d'œuvre*, whilst reading the animated description of Antipater, the Sidonian. "Look with attention upon "this Venus, the work of the skilful Apelles; "see how that excellent master has expressed "to the exactness of nature, that watery foam, "which flows down her hands and hair, without hiding any of their graces; accordingly "no sooner had Pallas surveyed her charms, "than she thus addressed herself to Juno:— "Let us resign, oh, Juno! let us resign to "this rising goddess all the prize of beauty!" Her modes of worship were various; sometimes they sacrificed to her a white goat, or a sparrow, or offered incence upon her altars; the ladies also consecrated their hair to the voluptuous deity, and from this arose the story of the hair of Berenice being placed amongst the constellations. The rose, of all the flowery tribe, was most peculiarly dedicated to the goddess, as its crimson tint was supposed to have arisen from the blood of Adonis, wounded by one of its thorns; the myrtle was also another of her symbols, from its being in great

abundance in the island of Cythera. Even the lowly violet derived fresh charms from the goddess, and we cannot close this short analysis of the Paphian mythology more elegantly than by the following sonnet to the Violet, by an admired poet:—

"Not in the verdant garden's cultur'd vale,
"That breathes of Pœstum's aromatic gale,
"We sprang—but tenants of the lonely dale
"'Midst native glooms, and woods obscure we're found.
"Once, Venus sorrowing, trac'd her lov'd Adonis,
"When lurking thorns, deep in her foot impress'd
"An impious wound:——————
"Then, prone to earth, we bow'd our pallid heads,
"And drank the drops divine,
"A purple dye tinging the lustre of our native hue.
"Nor summer suns, nor art conducted showers,
"Have nurs'd our tender forms;
"But lovers sighs, have been our gales,
"And lovers tears, our dew!"

It was our intention to have concluded the Essay on the Domestic Manners of the Romans, *this month*; but as we shall have an opportunity in a succeeding Number of accompanying it, by a highly finished and classically illustrative Engraving, from an ancient and positively original Roman Painting, and feeling that it would come in more appropriately in that order of selections, we have postponed it until the month of October.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FROM "THE BARD OF ERIN," PREPARING FOR THE PRESS.

THE EXILE OF ERIN'S RETURN

TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

O'ER the hills of Slieve-Galen, as homeward he wander'd,
The exile of Erin, oft paus'd with delight;
To dear recollections, his soul he surrender'd
As each well-known object return'd to his sight;
Here, was the brook, oft he leap'd so light hearted,
Here, was the bower, where with love first he smarted,
And here was the old oak, where, when he departed,
He carv'd his last farewell, 'twas—Erin go bragh.

His heart, wild was beating—when softly assail'd him,
The sound of a harp—oh, he listen'd with joy,
What quick'ning emotions! his visage reveal'd them,
And the fire of his country beam'd strong from his eye;
A sweet female voice, soon the lov'd strains attended,
'Twas dear to his fond soul, that o'er it suspended,
With each note, the spirits of feeling ascended,
Sung soft to the accents of—Erin go bragh.

"I once had a lover," thus ran the sweet num-
"bers,
"Now doom'd far from me, and his country
"to mourn,
"Perhaps in the cold bed of death, e'en he
"slumbers,
"Ah my soul! can'st thou think, he shall
"never return!
"Yes, he shall, for he lives, and his past woes
"redressing,
"His country shall hail him, with smiles and
"caressing,
"And lock'd in my arms, he'll pronounce her
"his blessing,
"That country which wrong'd him, his—Erin
"go bragh.

"As a lamb he was meek, as a dove he was
"tender,
"And form'd was his bosom, of friendship
"and love,
"But, call'd by his country, still swift to de-
"fend her,
"Undaunted and fierce as the eagle he'd
"move.
"That ardour of passion, for me, which he
"pleaded,
"By what female breast could it have been
"unheeded?
"The love of his country alone could exceed
"it,
"For still his first wish, was for—Erin go
"bragh.

" This harp, on whose strings oft he rous'd
" each emotion,
" Unrivall'd the soft tones of feeling to draw,
" He left me, the pledge of his heart's true de-
" votion,
" And bade me oft strike it to Erin go bragh.
" O'er it oft I've dream'd, that he sat in this
" bower,
" And touch'd the sad tale of his exile with
" power,
" Each soul glowing patriot, the strains did
" devour,
" Struck full to the magic of—Erin go bragh.
" But cease ye vain dreams! for at morn still
" I lose him,
" And cease, my fond hopes, for my griefs
" must remain,
" 'No—they must not!'—he cried, and he
" rush'd to her bosom,—
" Your exile's return'd to his Erin again.
" Now fallen are th' oppressors that sought to
" destroy me;
" Love, friendship, and Erin, shall henceforth
" employ me;
" —'Tis himself,' she exclaim'd, 'Oh ye
" pow'rs, ye o'erjoy me,'
" Then *blest be my country!* blest Erin go
" bragh!"

TO A WEEPING WILLOW.

WHY dost thou weep and wave thy head,
When skies assume a beauteous red,
Thou lovely, gloomy, willow?
Say, is some dear relation dead,
For whom thou bendest low thy head,
To reach the dewy pillow?

The swallows twitter as they fly,
And kiss the river flowing by;
The chimney top their pillow:
Listless they hear the maiden's sigh,
That mounts upon the moon-ting'd sky,
Above thee, lovely willow.

The waters dimpling as they go,
In strains pathetic ask thy woe,
Beneath thy mournful pillow;
And while they wait the zephyr's blow,
To learn some tidings ere they flow,
Attend their sigh, dear willow.

Oh do unfold thy close-kept tale,
That others may thy loss bewail,
And feel with ev'ry billow:
Can Philomel's chaste notes then fail,
To tune thy spirits and regale
Thy graceful form, sweet willow?

12th July 1808. *I. P—r.*

NAUTICAL ELEGY.

YES! thou art lost, oh heav'ns, to this fond heart,
That rested all its happiness on you,
Yet hear this one farewell! before we part,
Or hear this long—perhaps—this *last* adieu.

Though now forlorn, to Indian climes I sail,
And walk the deck, by hopeless love oppres'd;
Or on the yard rock'd by the whistling gale,
Thy lov'd idea, still shall fill my breast.

Whilst you are happy, in a husband's love,
Or sink to slumber, in his circling arms;
Ah think! that I o'er distant oceans rove,
Whilst night's dark horror, ev'ry breast alarms.

Or when surrounded, by admiring friends,
In social converse, pass thy fleeting hours,
Think Britain's thunder, then the welkin rends,
And on each fated head destruction pours.

If I, when shipwreck'd by some wintry storm,
Pale and unshrouded, sink beneath the wave,
No friend! the last sad office to perform,
Or lay me gently in my watery grave;

When busy Fame, the dismal tale shall tell,
When you, my early, luckless fate, shall hear,
Say! wilt thou sigh for one who lov'd too well,
Will mem'ry make thee shed one pitying tear?

But see! the topsails shiver in the wind,
Yet e'er those cliffs sink from my eager view,
I'll cast one "longing—lingering look, behind,"
And send to thee, this long, this *last* adieu!

SONNET,

IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

LATELY, at afternoon, the sun hot shining,
Flush'd with the grape, and in poetics deep;
On a soft sofa, carelessly reclining,
Tuning love Sonnets, lo! I dropp'd asleep.

My Lady Lydia, in the garden tripping,
To deck each purpled flower, with spangled dew;
Through the vine bow'red window, slyly peeping,
Saw me—and to the room, soft stepping drew.

She read the verse, for her sweet self intended,
" We must, indeed," said she, " those lips
" salute,
" Which blushingly do use such modest suit,
" That maiden meekness cannot be offended:"

She kissed—I woke; good Heav'ns! how shamed she stood;
Looked to be *loved*, yet trembled to be *wooed!*

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ON THE IMPORTATIONS OF FOREIGN DRAMAS—ACCOUNT OF THE NEW FARCE OF PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT—LILLO'S TRAGEDY OF FATAL CURIOSITY—THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN —AND MR. MAY'S THEATRICAL ATTEMPTS.

OF late we have heard a great many outcries about the system of introducing foreign pieces on the English stage, in the shape either of alterations or of direct translations. It is represented as a practice unjust to our own authors, and degrading to the national character. For our own parts, we confess ourselves unable to perceive any reasonable objections to these translations and alterations, at least as long as the theatres go on in other respects upon the principles that now direct them.

Perhaps England in time may equal her neighbours in that particular kind of excellence for which they are remarkable: but how is she to arrive at this equality without models to guide her? However, we are not among the number of those who think that England ever will excel in that kind of dramatic merit, for which the pieces lately imported from the Continent are really deserving of the highest admiration; and even upon this hypothesis we contend, that England does wisely in admitting the productions of the Continent. As well might we turn up our nose at the oranges and lemons of the South, because they will not grow in our climate, as refuse to enjoy the plays of intricate plot, because they do not seem to be the natural production of our own genius.

Certainly it does not arise from any natural indisposition in this country to comedy in general: for there are some branches of comedy in which we very far surpass our neighbours: and Moliere seems to be almost the only foreign writer who can pretend to vie with the English either in force and originality of character, or in wit and drollery of dialogue.

Surely, under these circumstances, the best thing we can do is to borrow from our neighbours. And even if Englishmen had the art of writing the same sort of lively incident as appears in these plays, which, as we have said, is not our own opinion, the English incidents never would be brought into exercise under the present system of management. There are not above six or eight people of any real ability, who have a fair chance of getting a piece accepted at any English theatre: and as none of them happen to possess a talent for this kind of thing, it is not possible that we should ever see such pieces acted at all, if these very people, perhaps from good taste, perhaps to save their own trouble, perhaps from both these motives, did not frequently introduce the foreign pieces on our stage. If the theatre were a public concern, in the real sense of the phrase *public concern*; that is to say, if authors had all an equal chance, at least without more favour than is always shewn in all transactions of fame, profit, and promotion, then we might hope that some Englishman might accidentally produce a piece, which, in the particular sort of merit we have been describing, might vie with the pieces produced by our neighbours.

The Parisians have thirteen or fourteen, sometimes sixteen or seventeen, theatres at a time in their city. In these play-houses, even supposing them to be managed with as much closeness and injustice as ours are, there must always be, nevertheless, seven or eight times the number of pieces produced that can be produced in our metropolis, where there are but two winter theatres; so that it is probable, that in the course of every year there will appear at Paris, out of the great number of pieces that are acted at one theatre or the other, one, or two, or three, which will really possess a sterling excellence, and be very well worthy of a translation into the languages of other countries.

The consideration of these circumstances and arguments induces us to conclude, that the public are greatly indebted to Mr. Charles Kemble, for having transferred from the French stage so entertaining a farce as that which was performed for the first time on the 30th of June at the Haymarket Theatre. It is an afterpiece in two acts, which Mr. Charles Kemble has altered from a French comedy in three acts, called, *Le Portrait de Michel Cervantes*; and he has entitled it *Plot and Counterplot*; or, *The Portrait of Michael Cervantes*,

The Dramatis Personæ are represented as follows:

Don Gasper de Rosellas .... Mr. Grove.
Don Leon de Rosellas ..... Mr. Palmer.
Don Fernando ..... Mr. C. Kemble, afterwards Mr. Farley.
Hernandez ..... Mr. Mathews,
Fabio ..... Mr. Fawcett.
Pedrillo ..... Mr. Liston.
Friar ..... Mr. Atkins.
Lorenza ..... Mrs. Mathews.
Beatrice ..... Mrs. Davenport.
Juana ..... Mrs. Gibbs.

Don Leon and *Don Fernando* are both in love with *Lorenza*, the daughter of the painter, *Hernandez*: who discourages the pretensions of *Leon*, on account of his own acquaintance with *Don Gasper*, the young gentleman's father, and opposes the attempts of *Fernando*, from a fear of his dissolute morals. *Leon*, in his efforts to obtain possession of the young lady, employs a silly good-natured servant, called *Pedrillo*: and *Fernando*, on the other side, is assisted by *Fabio*, a valet of great address. *Lorenza* herself is favourable to *Leon*: and her maid *Juana* has a preference for *Pedrillo*. *Juana* accordingly gives *Pedrillo* to understand that *Beatrice*, the housekeeper, has a key which will admit him and his master to the foot of a balcony, where herself and her mistress are accustomed to take the air in the afternoon; and urges him to contrive some stratagem for getting this key away from *Beatrice*. Not knowing that *Fabio* is the servant of *Fernando*, *Pedrillo* asks that rogue's advice. *Fabio*, by a most entertaining stratagem, the relation of which would diminish our reader's amusement at seeing the farce acted, gets possession of this key, takes an impression of it in wax, and delivers the invaluable piece of iron into the hands of the credulous *Pedrillo*. In the afternoon, *Leon* and *Pedrillo* arrive, during the absence of *Hernandez*. Suddenly, the old man's step is heard on the stairs: and the lover and his servant are thrust by *Lorenza* and *Juana* into two closets. *Fernando* enters with *Fabio*, and they conceal themselves behind a large picture. *Hernandez* enters, and in a conversation with a friar, agrees to go into the church where the dead body of Cervantes is lying, and paint a picture from the corpse: well conceiving, that though the living Cervantes had been neglected, every body would be glad to have a likeness of Cervantes dead. By some accident he is called out of the room, and *Fernando* coming forward, declares that he has overheard the dialogue: that the *Friar* shall have a purse of gold if he will persuade *Hernandez* to receive the body into his house, and will then deceive him by introducing a living man instead: but that if he refuses, the impious scheme of painting the dead man shall be denounced to the holy inquisition. The *Friar* agrees, and *Hernandez* suddenly enters, before *Fernando* has the means of concealing himself: a measure, which indeed has become the less necessary, inasmuch as by this last scheme, he expects to gain easy access to the lady. He now pretends to be *Leon*, come in remorse to confess his attempts at carrying off *Lorenza*, and taxes *Juana* with having introduced him into the house. *Juana*, being summoned, in the transport of her indignation produces the real *Don Leon de Rosellas* from the closet; but *Leon* having overheard all, turns the tables on his rival, and declares himself to be *Don Fernando*. *Leon* is permitted to depart. *Don Gaspar de Rosellas* enters as *Leon* leaves the room, and *Hernandez* presents *Fernando* as *Leon*. *Gaspar* disclaims him; *Fernando* takes advantage of the confusion and escapes. The old men go out in great indignation. *Leon* remains below stairs, but having from the closet overheard *Fernando's* plan, refuses to leave the house till he sees *Lorenza* safely freed from his rival's clutches. *Juana* suggests the prudence of introducing a false Cervantes, to anticipate the imposture of *Fernando*: and *Pedrillo* is accordingly brought in a shroud to the painting-room of *Hernandez*, *Leon* attending disguised as the guard that should watch him. *Leon* contrives to leave the room: *Hernandez* is absent for a few minutes, and leaves the room dark: then *Fabio* is introduced as a corpse, under guard of *Fernando*. *Fernando* gropes his way out through a back door, and leaves the two servants in the dark as dead bodies. A scene irresistibly comic follows here between the live corpses, which is terminated by an outcry without. *Fernando* has been attempting to carry off *Lorenza*, and *Leon* has delivered her from his rival's arms. *Fabio*, hearing of this failure, jumps out of the window and follows his master's flight; and the gallantry of *Leon* is rewarded with the hand of *Lorenzo*.

Plot and Counterplot, among these amusing pieces, is certainly one of the most amusing, and not only is the fable lively and laughable, but the dialogue too is written with a simplicity not the less delightful, from its rarity. We are neither puzzled by affectations of quaintness, nor entrapped into a mixed smile of mirth and contempt by a succession of puns. The actors do ample justice to the parts that have been allotted to them; and Mr. Fawcett and Mr.

Liston, have added, if possible, even to their former reputation. The character of *Fernando*, which is now acted by Mr. Farley, was intended for Mr. Putnam: but, that gentleman being confined, Mr. C. Kemble, unwilling to have his farce deferred, himself played *Fernando* on the first night, and with great success. The piece was recieved with the loudest and most general plaudits, and continues to be performed with the highest favour.

On Wednesday, the 13th of June, was revived Lillo's tragedy of *Fatal Curiosity*. We saw little reason for awaking it from its slumbers; and as it has not been since repeated, we think it probable that the Managers considered the faint approbation that it found, as a proof that the public were a good deal inclined to our way of thinking. The truth is, that this play, even its best scenes, is rather shocking than interesting; and however vehemently our foreign neighbours may blame us for the horrors we admit upon our stage, it appears that there is a line beyond which a tragic author will not be permitted to pass in his melancholy, just as there is a line which it is dangerous for a comic author to transgress in his mirth. After sitting for two acts to endure dull dialogue, the audience did not seem to think themselves repaid for their patience, by the commission of a murder in the third and last act, a murder perpetrated by a man and his wife on their own son. There is a kind of distress, which while we sympathize with it, and so become distressed ourselves, does nevertheless give pleasure to us all; but this is a kind of calamity no longer pleasing as we sympathize with it, but dreadful, as it revolts us. There is another reason too, why this play can have no great success; which is the strange incongruity between the language and the characters. A domestic story, it is true, may be as interesting as a heroic tale: but then it should not be told in the heroic style. There is something indescribably flat, in the pompous exaltations of nothing which are so perpetually recurring through the *Fatal Curiosity*, as our readers will easily judge when we shall have subjoined two or three extracts, fairly taken as samples of the whole.

The principal scene, which is that where the murder is plotted, is almost literally copied from *Macbeth*. *Agnes* says,

" The stranger sleeps at present, but so restless
" His slumbers seem, they can't continue long."

The same sort of disturbed slumber is described by Shakspeare, in *Macbeth's* account of his visit to the groom's bed chamber:—

" There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one
cried, murder:
" They waked each other, and I stood and
heard them;
" But they did say their prayers, and addrest
them
" Again to sleep."

But the earlier part of the play, not being constructed on a model quite so good as *Macbeth*, is terribly flat, and here we perpetually find such passages as these:—

" _____ *'Tis certain*
" That virtue ne'er appears so like itself,
" So truly bright and great, as when opprest.
" Well, *pray proceed:*
" *You have rais'd my curiosity at least.*"

One lady, paying a visit to another, is offended, and thus expresses herself:

" *Agnes*, unless you mean t' *affront* me, spare
the rest,
" 'Tis just as likely *Wilmot* should return,
" As we become your foes."

The play was not well acted. Mr. Young, in *Old Wilmot*, did nothing; and where a part allows much to be done, to do nothing is worse than nothing. Mrs. Bellamy was not sufficiently feeling in *Charlotte:* she is too constantly and regularly acting to be a good representative of nature. Mr. Palmer was bad in *Young Wilmot*, because he was, as usual, aukward.

The *Cheats of Scapin*, as it is now acted, has been altered by Mr. Winston from several farces, and chiefly from *Moliere's Fourberies de Scapin*. It was represented (for the first time) on the same night with *Fatal Curiosity;* but it has had as little success as one naturally expected would attend any production of Mr. Winston.

A Mr. May, on the 12th, played *Rover*, in *Wild Oats*, and on the 19th, *Octavian*, in the *Mountaineers*. We thought nothing could be worse than his comic acting; but we were undeceived when we saw his attempts at a tragic style. We understand that he is likely to appear no more: so that we are not unwilling to drop the curtain on his failures, and leave him for ever to oblivion.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, 1808.

SPAIN.—The events of the past month, have been marked with a fortunate succession, which has outstripped the hopes, nay even the wishes of the most sanguine; a truly patriotic spirit, an energetic abhorrence of French fraternity, and of Corsican domination, seem now to pervade every Spanish bosom, whilst their success in every attack on the freebooters, who had ravaged their country, has given confidence even to despondency itself. In the south, the possession of the French fleet has not only gratified every patriot, as an omen of future successes, but will also be attended with beneficial effects even to our extended marine, as it will leave fewer points for that watchful look-out, which was more harrassing to our seamen than even the pursuit of, or the coming to close quarters with the enemy. The decided part taken by the inhabitants of Minorca, in which they have been joined by the Carthagena squadron laying in Port Mahon, is even though a minor circumstance, still deserving of attention at the present moment, as it will enable great part of the British squadron now in the Mediterranean to co-operate in active warfare, leaving still a sufficient number of ships to look after Gantheaume in Toulon. In the confusion naturally attendant upon the present situation of Spain, *extreme accuracy* cannot be expected in the details; we know enough however to believe that the French have been defeated in every action; that General Moncey, who had marched towards Valencia with 15,000 men, has been defeated, he himself killed, and the greatest part of his army destroyed; that Le Fevre's army has been totally annihilated under the walls of Saragossa, 13,000 killed in the action, and the remaining 5,000 driven into the river Ebro; and that Dupont is so completely surrounded in the Sierra Morena, that he must fall without fighting. Of the situation of Murat's forces in Madrid, the extreme caution of the French prevents us from knowing any thing certain, the success of the patriots on the eastern side of Spain will however enable them to join their brethren in arms from the northern provinces, and thus present a determined patriotic force in opposition to the entrance of fresh troops, whom we have reason to believe the Usurper, with his usual silence and rapidity, is collecting from all quarters. Without additional reinforcements Murat must surrender; thus the whole system of the French in occupying Spain, has only tended to prove that it was the concentration of their immense force, and the pushing their real attacks at one point only, which gained for them those stupendous victories, which have almost subjugated the world; but the moment their forces became divided, even their veteran troops were unable to cope with the bands of undisciplined patriots, armed in the glorious cause of liberty.

PORTUGAL.—The gallant flame of resistance has extended to this devoted country, and the same spirit which once roused the Lusitanian energies, and placed a Braganza on the throne, seems again roused into action to recover that throne for his descendant. Although their resistance is primarily for their own liberties, yet we hail it as opening a door for the return of the expatriated family, for we have no doubt that the Portuguese as well as the other nations of Europe are now sufficiently convinced that however brilliant for the people a republican form of government may be for a short time, yet still a permanent sovereignty, where the ostensible monarchy is hereditary, and thus precludes all competition, and yet where even the highest offices of government are open to all who conform to the established regulations of that government, is infinitely preferable to the anarchy of democracy, or the interested contests of a factious oligarchy; each of which the whole history of the world shews must sooner or later end in individual tyranny.

AUSTRIA.—That this power has had a long and increasing jealousy of French aggrandisement, and *that*, even at the moment when she was compelled to perform the farce of mediation, there can be no doubt, particularly when we look at her conduct previous to the transactions at Bayonne. Her *levy en masse*, is a decided proof that she feared danger from some quarter; from whence then could it be but from France? The decided disapprobation she has shewn at the arrangements, or rather *disarrangements* in the Papal territory, and the disgust as well as distrust that might arise from Napoleon's conduct towards Spain, are in themselves pledges of her coming forward heart and hand, both Emperor and people, in the righteous cause; the apparent wish of the Porte to return to terms of amity with Great

Britain, must also operate powerfully both in the cabinet and on public opinion.

SWEDEN.—The apparent inactivity of our late armament sent to *this* country, and the rumoured disagreement between his Swedish Majesty and our Commander in Chief, have excited but little interest, and what is remarkable, *less* animadversion. That armament, however, is returned, *re infecta*, and is now on its way to a quarter where it is likely to be more useful. All operations on the side of Norway, appear to have ceased, and on the Finland side the Swedes are universally successful, so that great part of that province, though *for ever united* to the Russian Crown, is once more under the dominion of its rightful monarch. Let us hope that the projected interview between the two Northern Monarchs, will form part of that grand system of resistance to French tyranny, which now seems likely to influence all Europe.

AMERICA.—The accounts from America confirm us more and more in our belief of the popular dislike to the embargo; indeed there needs no other proof of that, than the fact, that flour is fallen to three dollars per barrel, notwithstanding that partial shipments have taken place, by smuggling into Canada and Nova Scotia, and by vessels which had cleared out coastways, pushing for our West India Colonies. The elections, it appears, are in favour of the federal party, yet notwithstanding that, we are inclined to think, however paradoxical it may appear, that the present favourable appearance of things in Europe, may tend for a time even to prolong the embargo. Our reason is, that if the success of the united powers of Europe, should completely *neutralize* the Berlin and Milan decrees, by which the Orders in Council of Britain would be no longer necessary, then America would not be forced (as she must otherwise be from her own sufferings) to rescind her own public act *previous* to France and Britain ceasing to act on their *new maritime regulations*; by this, *both parties*, for the honour of their country, may be disposed to wait a little for the happy release from French bondage.

DOMESTIC RETROSPECT.

In retracing the foreign political events of the month, we have left but little for *domestic* retrospection. In the midst of all this din of arms, England sits serene upon her cliffs, anxious only to assist those who now display their glorious energy of independence. Perhaps in the annals of this empire there never was a parliament closed with such brilliant prospects, or with such unanimity, highly creditable to all parties. Long may the independent spirit of British opposition remain as a safe guard to British constitutional happiness; but still when the day of trial comes, may it yield as now to the general good, and shew to an admiring world, that even the most interested feelings of mankind, which always lead to discord, and often to faction, will still in British bosoms operate only for the public weal. Our troops are all in motion, three expeditions have sailed, and a fourth is preparing, to "bear Britannia's thunder round the "world;" yet at home all is peace and happiness—our harvest promises abundantly, new markets for our manufactures have given employment to the needy, and have totally quieted the temporary disturbances in the manufacturing parts of Lancashire; indeed, were it not for the lamentable acts of suicide and crim. con. which have disgraced the annals of the past month, the moralist might exclaim—

"*Oh fortunati nimium si sua bona norint!*"

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

On Monday, 20th of June, Lord Elliot rose on Mr. Palmer's Compensation Bill, and moved that the bill be rejected. Lord Moira entered into an eloquent defence of Mr. Palmer's conduct, and observed that he did not merit the obloquy and disgrace thrown upon him: he wished not, however, to bring the matter to an immediate decision, and, therefore, moved the adjournment of the House. The Lord Chancellor, after some observations on the bill, pressed a division, the motion of adjournment was lost, the original motion carried, and Mr. Palmer's application, of course, thrown out.

Lord Grenville, on Wednesday, presented a petition from certain Catholics in Dublin, praying not to be excluded from the Bank Directorship, but the motion founded on it was lost.

On Friday, July 1, Lord Holland wished to know whether any agreement had been entered into with Sweden, respecting the Orders in Council; and also what was the policy intended by Ministers towards Spain. Lord Hawkesbury in answer said, that the Court of Sweden was fully disposed to co-operate with us in the spirit of the Orders of Council, and that his Lordship, in a few days, should know our policy with regard to Spain.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On Wednesday, June 22, the Copy Right Bill went into a Committee, and produced much discussion, the most material feature, that of sending copies to the Universities, &c. was agreed to, with some modifications.

On Friday the report of the Appropriation Bill was brought up, on which Mr. Whitbread proposed many questions to Ministers respecting the present state of connection with the Continent, to which Mr. Canning generally answered, that the measures of Ministers would be conciliatory without losing sight of the honour of the country.

Thursday, 30th June, Sir Francis Burdett rose to submit to the House a motion, which respected the discipline of the army. After stating the importance of the subject, and entering largely into particular details, he moved an Address to his Majesty for a return of the number of Courts-martial for the last ten years, the number of convictions of punishment, lashes inflicted, &c. This motion was strongly opposed by the Secretary at War, and Lord Castlereagh, as useless in itself, and destructive of the discipline necessary in the army; and the motion was lost on a division, there being 81 Members in the House, and only four voting for the measure.

PROROGATION.

On Monday July the 4th, a Message was brought from the Lords, requesting the attendance of the House in the House of Peers, to hear his Majesty's Commission for the Proroguing the present Parliament. The Speaker, numerously attended, went up, and the Lord Chancellor read the following Speech:

"*MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,*

"We have it in command from his Majesty, "to express to you, the great satisfaction "which he derives from being enabled, by "putting an end to the present Session of Parliament, to terminate the laborious attendance "which the public business has required of "you. The measure which you have adopted "for the improvement of the military force of "the country, promises to lay the foundation "of a system of internal defence, eminently "useful and particularly adapted to the exigencies of the times. The sanction which "you have given to those measures of defensive retaliation, to which the violent attacks "of the enemy, upon the commerce and resources of this kingdom, compelled his Majesty to resort, has been highly satisfactory "to his Majesty. His Majesty doubts not that "in the result the enemy will be convinced of "the impolicy of persevering in a system "which retorts upon himself, in so much "greater proportion, these evils which he endeavours to inflict upon this country.

"*GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,*

"We are commanded by his Majesty to return his most hearty acknowledgements for "the chearfulness and liberality with which "the necessary supplies for the current year "have been provided. His Majesty directs "us to assure you that he participates in the "satisfaction with which you must have contemplated the flourishing situation of the "revenue and credit of the country, notwithstanding the continued pressure of "the war: and he congratulates you upon "having been enabled to provide for the "exigencies of the public service, with so "small an addition to the public burthens. "His Majesty commands us to thank you for "having enabled him to make good his engagements with his Allies; and to express to "you the particular gratification which he "has derived from the manner in which you "have provided for the establishment of his "sister, her Royal Highness the Duchess of "Brunswick.

"*MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,*

"His Majesty has great satisfaction in informing you that notwithstanding the formidable confederacy united against his ally, the "King of Sweden, that Sovereign perseveres "with unabated vigour and constancy, to "maintain the honour and independence of his "Crown; and that no effort has been wanting "on the part of his Majesty to support him "in the arduous contest in which he is engaged. "The recent transactions in Spain and Italy, "have exhibited new and striking proofs of "the unbounded and unprincipled ambition "which actuates the common enemy of every "established and independent nation in the "world. His Majesty views with the liveliest "interest, the loyal and determined spirit, "manifested by the Spanish nation, in resisting the violence and perfidy with which "their dearest rights have been assailed. The "Spanish nation thus nobly struggling against "the tyranny and usurpation of France, can "no longer be considered as the enemy of "Great Britain; but is recognized by his Majesty as a natural friend and ally. We are "commanded to inform you that his Majesty "has received communications from several of "the provinces of Spain, soliciting the aid of "his Majesty. The answer of his Majesty to

"these communications has been received in "Spain, with every demonstration of those "sentiments of confidence and affection which "are congenial to the feelings and true interest "of both nations; and his Majesty commands "us to assure you, that he will continue to "make every exertion in his power for the "support of the Spanish cause: guided in the "choice and in the directions of his exertions "by the wishes of those in whose behalf they "are employed. In contributing to the suc- "cess of this just and glorious cause, his Ma- "jesty has no other object than that of pre- "serving unimpaired the integrity and inde- "pendence of the Spanish Monarchy. But he "trusts that the same efforts which are directed "to that great object may, under the blessing "of Divine Providence, lead in their effects, "and by their example, to the restoration of "the liberties and the peace of Europe."

The Commission for Proroguing the Parliament, being then read, the Lord Chancellor addressed both Houses as follows:—

"*MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,*

"By virture of his Majesty's Commission "to us, and to other Noble Lords directed, and "now read, we do, in his Majesty's name, "and in obedience to his commands, prorogue "this present Parliament to Wednesday, the "20th day of August next, to be then here "holden; and this Parliament is accordingly "prorogued to Wednesday, the 20th day of "August next."

The Commons having withdrawn, their Lordships soon after separated; and the former, on their return to the Lower House, having heard a copy of his Majesty's Speech read from the Chair, separated also, thus closing the Second Session of the Fifth Parliament of the United Kingdom.

BIRTHS.

In Hertford-street, May-fair, the Countess Clonmell, of a daughter.

At Totteridge, in the county of Hertford, the Lady of William Manning, Esq. Member for Evesham, of a son.

At Hendon, the Lady of W. W. Rawlins, Esq. of a son.

In Bolton-row, the Lady of the Hon. and Rev. E. Powys, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's Hanover-square, C. Hulse, Esq. eldest son of Sir E. Hulse, Bart. of Breamore-House, Hants, to Miss Maria Buller, second daughter of the late John Buller, Morvall, in the county of Cornwall, Esq.

The 20th instant, Augustus Calland, Esq. of Goring, in the county of Sussex, to Miss Hunt, daughter of Edw. Hunt, Esq. of Ewell, in the county of Surrey.

In the month of April last, at the Island of Malta, Captain Straubenzee, of the Royal Artillery, to Maria, the daughter of Major Bowen, late of the Royal Veterans, Plymouth.

Lately, at Barnard Castle, Timothy Holmes, Esq. of Bury, Suffolk, to Miss C. A. Hanby, daughter of the late Joseph Hanby, Esq. of Eastwood Hall, Yorkshire.

A few days ago, the Rev. John Hartly, of Stavely, near Harrowgate, to Miss Harrison, Southwick, near Monkwearmouth.

DEATHS.

At her house in Portman-square, aged 75, after a long illness, which she supported with the greatest fortitude and resignation, the Right Hon. the Dowager Lady Middleton.

Lately, at Malta, Count Beaujolais, brother to the Duke of Orleans.

At Bath, the Right Hon. Laura Pulteney, Countess of Bath, &c. in her own right, and wife of the Right Hon. Sir James Murray Pulteney, Bart. Secretary at War, &c. Her Ladyship was the last representative of Wm. Pulteney, Earl of Bath, and dying without issue her titles are extinct.

A melancholy instance of the uncertainty of human life occurred lately in the family of Sir Frederick Eden: his son came home the preceding week from the boarding-school, ill with the scarlet fever, and recovered through the maternal attention and anxiety of Lady Eden, who had only lain in a week; she, sad to relate, caught the infection, and to the inexpressible grief of all her acquaintance, died in a few days.

The Right Hon. Lady Ann Wombwell, wife of Sir George Wombwell, Bart. and second daughter of the late Earl of Fauconberg.

At Sunbury, Sir John Legard, Bart. of Ganton, Yorkshire, aged 50.

At Waterford, Lieut. Gen. E. P. Trench, brother to the late Earl of Clancarty.

At Higham Court, near Gloucester, Lady Guise, relict of Sir John Guise, Bart.

LE BEAU MONDE.

LONDON AND FASHIONABLE VARIETIES.

Favoured by a fashionable friend with his literary efforts to amuse some friends on their summer excursion, we are now enabled to gratify our numerous readers (instead of a wearisome detail under this head) with the Pic-nic Lucubrations of

BON TON CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR HARRY,

WHILST you, my *romantic* friend, are so happily engaged on your summer tour, *lecturing on the picturesque*; and *politely* endeavouring to make your party *comfortable*, midst all the horrors of Welch mountains, or the more expanded scenery of the lakes; and whilst your *politesse*, and *scavoir faire*, entitles you to the happy appellation of *a very good sort of man* from the dowagers and mawkish misses who stalk about as if some of the family pictures had walked out of their frames at the old hall; *me voici* still cooped up midst burning streets, empty houses, and all *les horreurs ennuyants* of a London summer, for now, alas! every bird of fashion is flown, and I remain almost alone, a withered sprig. Yet we have not been idle since you deserted us, but closed the campaign with much *eclat*. Scarcely had you left us on the Wednesday, when to dissipate my chagrin, I manfully resolved to dress for Lady Powlett's ball, and at the soft delicious hour of midnight, I forgot *my* departed friends, on seeing her ladyship surrounded by a crowd of her own. Royalty, fashion, and elegance seemed all assembled. Of the most conspicuous were the Duke of Sussex, the Princess of Castelcicala, the Duchess of Northumberland and her family, my Lord of Harrington and his fair sister, with Salisbury's Marchioness, and all the Cecils. You were brought to my recollection by the first dance called for, "the Runaway"—but I soon forgot you in wishing to become one myself, with my fair partner; however such was the extreme heat, that we all gave up thoughts of *running away*, and were happy to sit down at two o'clock, to a collation where luxury and elegance each strove for the palm, whilst politeness and good humour took the head of the table, and *wit went round it*. The fiddles soon summoned us again to the merry dance, and unlike the fairies we were *not* scared by the beams of the morning but continued to foot it *featly* until seven o'clock.

Scarcely had a *day's rest* fitted me for fresh fatigues, when I dashed off on Thursday evening (the 30th June) to the gay mansion of the fair Albinia, one of Buckinghamshire's Dowager's, in Sloane-street; here every charm of harmony and fancy were blended; and when the astonished spectator on entrance found himself on the confines of a new world, surpassing all the magic of the Arabian Nights, the soft thrillings of Billington and Bianchi caught his enraptured soul and wrapped it in Elysium; and there it might have staid, had not the comic efforts of Naldi, woke us from our trances by hearty bursts of downright terrestrial laughter. All the lower suite of rooms were fitted up to represent *une Guinguette Parisienne*, and on entrance you were conducted to *La Laitere*, a small cottage of two rooms, ornamented with honeysuckles, sweetbriars, and all the witchery of rustic elegance; in one room the company were entertained with the *realities* of syllabubs and other appropriate refreshments, and in the other by an *imaginary* cottage conversation, carried on by Mathews in his excellent style of ventriloquism, indeed he seemed to have swallowed the whole family. *Une caverne pour les glaces* next presented itself, then a *cabaret* for Sandwiches, &c.; here, however, notwithstanding all the *enjouement* of the evening, we could not long remain, for the gay regions of Pall-Mall presented another lively scene at the splendid mansion of Mrs. Adair. At one o'clock we could scarcely force our way into a double suite of apartments, most brilliantly illuminated for a Masqued Ball, where all the forms that people Earth, Air and Heaven were assembled. The Hon. Mr. Littleton and his friend Mr. Champneys were most characteristically *fitted up* as *Noodle* and *Doodle*, and contributed much to the amusement of the evening by their happy turns of wit. *Noodle* exalted on a table, recited an heroic poem in blank

verse, and *Doodle* enlightened the surrounding crowd by an appropriate harangue; they were interrupted however by the sudden appearance of my *Lord Grizzle*, and knowing his fondness for royalty, they with ready humour threw him into the arms of the *Queen of Diamonds*, personated by the Dowager Countess of C. in a profusion of the most splendid jewels. But the most attractive object for the evening was a groupe of Chinese, correctly attired, by Mr. West, Mr. C. Wyndham, Hon. Mr. Primrose, &c.; with them was a most fascinating female stranger unmasked, who had she been in a Turkish instead of a Chinese costume, would have been supposed to be one of the Houri of the Mahometan Paradise. Mr. Newnham attired as an Irish female haymaker, with three children at his back *formed an excellent groupe*; and Lord Kinnaird as a portrait painter was anxious not only to *take off* his friends, but even from his eagerness to sketch an outline of the fair Chinese, made some of the masques imagine he wished to *take her off* also. At half-past three, a Sandwich supper light and elegant as the fairy scene around us, was succeeded by a renewal of the ball, from which nothing but the heat of the returning sun-beams could have chaced us. Yet our gaieties have not been confined to London alone, for the uninterrupted fine weather has tempted to rural parties in its environs. On the next Saturday, I made a pilgrimage to Wimbledon, where Lady Spencer had prepared a breakfast for a small party of 800. All the gay and fashionable yet remaining in town were invited, and all the detachments in country quarters were also called in, so that the number amounted nearly to a thousand. To mention the liberality of our Noble Hostess would be needless, but I may say that the whole of the arrangements, both for magnificence and taste, were unrivalled; all the lower part of the house was thrown open, and a number of marquees were scattered picturesquely on the lawn, filled with every refreshment of the season, fruits, ices, syllabubs, and a long *etcetera* of more substantial articles. The band of the Coldstream attended on the lawn, and every thing was in complete preparation by noon; the company however did not assemble till three, when they amused themselves with promenading on the lawn, and in the gardens and surrounding romantic woods. The fineness of the day, gave a magic splendour to the *coup d'œil*, which must have been *seen* and *felt*, to form even a slight idea of its elegance; and the immense number of the first rank amongst the visitors, made it seem more like the court of a potent monarch, than a friendly breakfast party; the Dukes and Duchesses of Beaufort and Rutland, the Duchesses of Bolton, Northumberland, and Dowager Rutland, the Marchionesses of Buckingham, of Downshire, Salisbury, and of Exeter, with the Countesses of Clonmell, Bridgewater, Cowper, Jersey, Temple, &c. &c. filled up the splendid list, and shone as stars of the first magnitude in the brilliant firmament. At five we sat down sociably to breakfast, and the coolness of the evening prompted many of us *younger* folks to trip it lightly on the green. Dinner also at a late hour was prepared for those who chose to stay, indeed such was the crowd of carriages, that many fair ones unable to reach their equipages, were happy to get a set down from their friends going to town.—Such were the *agremens* of the Wimbledon Breakfast, that all the world were on tiptoe for Stoke Park, on Thursday the 7th, when Mr. Penn entertained his friends with a *fête champêtre*; many, in order *to see the whole* of it, went down to Salt Hill the evening before, and every inn in the neighbourhood was crowded with the gay throng, who all promised themselves much happiness from the romantic scenery of Stoke Park. At an early hour, the whole lower suite of rooms and numberless marquees in the gardens, were crowded with rank and fashion; at three their Royal Highnesses of Wales and Cambridge arrived from a military review, and at four dancing commenced; at five we enjoyed a refreshment of the finest fruits, and indeed a profusion of every delicacy in season, and the company, with renovated spirits, resumed the dance, which continued till midnight. Mr. P.'s splendid hospitality filled his house for that night, and the next morning, with my head filled with Champagne, with Love and Dancing, I returned to the *sombre* metropolis, regretting the absence of my friend who would so much have enjoyed the sprightly scene.—Adieu, your's, &c. *E. C.*

Letter II.

Another fortnight has elapsed, and the necessary attendance upon my lawyer, for some time longer, prevents my joining the migratory groupes, that seem to be affected by the *centrifugal force* alone, and by no other law of *gravitation*. In our excursion to Norfolk, last summer, we wondered at the number of *geese and turkies* coming up to London; but these, a cynical observer might conclude were fully equalled by the present *exportation*. Notwithstanding these detachments, however, there are

still enough of good folks left to crowd our public places even to suffocation; and notwithstanding that the thermometer has for some days been up to 94 degrees, yet such is our disposition to motion, that the cherubims in muslin drapery, do not refuse to lead down the mazy dance. A *sombre* shade has, however, been thrown on this amusement, at Lady Campbell's route, in Wimpole-street; in the midst of the harmony and smiling attractions of the scene, a gay and amiable youth, Mr. Calvert, of North Audley-street, whom you have seen with me in the winter, burst a blood vessel, and instantly expired. The distress of his fair partners in the reel, is indescribable, and our elegant hostess fainted from the sudden impression; all thoughts of amusement were now at an end, and we retired to our couches in heartfelt silence, and with sensations of awful regret.

Vive la bagatelle! shall always be my motto; yet I should be happy, if my *fellow labourers* in the toils of fashion, could learn to be *merry and wise*; we should not then have so many of these unhappy events which destroy not only the *comfort*, but also the *confidence* of domestic life. Our papers would not then be filled with details which must always affect a feeling mind; nor should we then have witnessed the late affecting scene, in the Sheriffs Court, for the assessment of damages, at the suit of Lord Boringdon, against Sir Arthur Paget. It is true the former gained a verdict of 10,000*l.* but what is that, for the loss of a woman, who could write such a letter as the following: "I "am very sorry, my dearest love, to hear that "you are not well. I was so anxious about "your letter, that I was almost afraid to en-"quire. I have been so ill, that I could not "go to church last Sunday, as I intended; do "not believe that this was from any neglect of "your orders, or negligence of any sort, it "was from the violence of the cold. It ap-"pears to me six weeks, instead of six days, "since you have left me."

Though the lawyers have contrived to enjoy a share of the *sweets* of *crim. con.* yet lately it appears that they also had their share of *bitters*. Much amusement was afforded to a crowded court, by the late trial of *Walker v. Reader*; indeed there seemed a kind of *misnomer* here, for it appeared from the evidence of the servants, that the Defendant had been both *reader and walker*. As the legal evidence, however, went no farther than powdered shoulders, and deranged sophas, things which could easily be *tidied* after a little romping, a nonsuit followed of course; not so, to speak in the pompous stile of my lawyer, in the case of *Fowler versus Hodson*, there the parties were *both* of the robe, or at least retainers to it, and there damages were given, for "when Greek "meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." Though these harvests are over, and the fruits gathered in, yet there is still a prospect of a second plentiful crop; a fair and frail matron, of eight and twenty, has thought proper to leave a husband and six children, with the *friend* of that husband, a man of fortune in Buckinghamshire; and in another instance, a woman of high rank, and of ample fortune, has been so degraded as to commit a *faux pas* with a menial, a boy of 18 years of age, now a waiter at an hotel. In this case there will be no deficiency of legal evidence—*ocular demonstration*, at a village near Canterbury, will be produced—and for what?—to shew that a charming woman of five-and-twenty, could forget herself—forget her two smiling infants, her doting husband! Gracious Heaven! is there no punishment sufficient to deter from such dereliction of all honour, of all duty? Must England then become as infamous for adultery as it now is for suicide?—forbid it Heaven! and thanks to that Heaven there are still enough of virtuous women yet left to endear, to every true hearted Englishman, his native country. Adieu, Dear Sir Harry, this subject makes my *head-ache*. Adieu, ever your's.

E. C.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1808.

LADIES' DRESSES.

Fig. No. 1.--EVENING DRESS.--Gown of plain white sarsnet, made in a chemise form, comes high round the neck; is tied behind with a bunch of white ribband, and the back is full, and trimmed with handsome point lace. The bottom of the dress has a most superb stamped border, with two rows of laced footing, let in the middle of the border; long full sleeves, trimmed round the hand with a lace footing to correspond with the bottom. A girdle or cordon of St. Jago, the patron Spanish Saint, of silver

EVENING DRESSES for AUGUST, 1808.

Engraved exclusively for Le Beau Monde or Literary and Fashionable Magazine.

cord and tassels, confines the dress round the waist. The Biscayan hat is composed of white satin and silver net, silver tassels and a wreath of silver stars round the front, which rises flat from the forehead, and gives a pleasing expression to the fair wearer's countenance.—Shoes are of white satin, with a silver plaited edging round the foot, and gloves white kid.

Fig. No. 3.—MORNING WALKING DRESS.—A plain Indian muslin, made walking length, with short Spanish sleeves and back; the front made to cross strait over the bosom: with a blue sarsnet scarf, trimmed with broad French lace, to hang careless over the shoulders, one end of the scarf is rounded off, and the other has three black silk tassels hanging negligently from it. The bonnet is of straw, formed in open lozenges and lined with blue sarsnet, to correspond with the scarf; the trimming is of the same, with a bunch of wild flowers in front.

OBSERVATIONS ON LADIES' DRESSES.

The votaries of fashion are so scattered over *the face of the land*, and we may say of *the sea* also, that to dilate on the various whimsicalities of tonish pursuits, would require a volume; in that leisure, however, which a summer gives, and which the cessation of winter amusements would soon render irksome; some of our *fairest and most fashionable* have discovered that employment is the best antidote against *tedium* and *ennui*. In consequence, *modelling* is now become a pursuit, in the highest circles; first, among others, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, under the instruction of Turnerelli, has made considerable progress in the art, and has finished some exquisite busts of the late lamented Duke of Brunswick, and of herself, with which she has honoured some of her particular friends.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES, AND FASHIONABLE OBSERVATIONS.

Fig. No. 2.—EVENING DRESS.—The blue coat still maintains a considerable preference; the gilt basket buttons are still much in vogue, and from the marked and general approbation they have received in the higher circles, will no doubt continue some time in use; indeed the sanction of Blood Royal can at all times stamp a celebrity on any article, and from that source does the modern use of the basket button spring. Black velvet collars are also sometimes worn on the blue coat, but they are by no means general. White waistcoats are still the complete standard of fashion, and though they have been so long in vogue, it is not likely that any gaudy colours will be adopted in opposition to their elegant simplicity. Very light drabs, or stone coloured kerseymere breeches, with silk strings, are the most prevalent wear, and many gentlemen, to preserve uniformity, have introduced a silk stocking of the same colour, instead of a white one; the extreme and appropriate neatness of this dress needs no comment.

FOR MORNING WEAR.—The light mixture or light drab colour, or partridge mixed coats, are much worn by the standards of fashion, and these altogether single breasted, and with plated basket buttons. Striped waistcoats, with India nankeen or striped trowsers and gaiters. From the extreme heat of the weather, few have been seen in riding breeches and boots, but we have observed many in stocking pantaloons, made of the finest stocking web, which from their flexibility and lightness are certainly well adapted for summer wear.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

BRIGHTON RACES, will commence on the 2d of August, and it is certain that his Royal Highness, the Heir Apprarent, will honour them with his presence. The first day will be a day of great sport and bustle; a silver cup 50gs. one heat, the new course; a Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. one 4 mile heat; the *Pavilion Stakes*, 100gs. each; and the Somerset Stakes of 50gs. will take place on that day. For the silver cup there are no less than 19 subscribers, and there is much high betting throughout; at Tattersals, on the Pavilion Stakes, eleven to eight against Vandyke, and seven to four against Rubens; on the St. Leger Stakes 'tis four to one against *any one*. The gold cup given by the Prince of Wales, will be run for on the fourth and last day.

NEWMARKET.—At the July Meeting there has been much sport; the Duke of Grafton's horses, and General Grosvenor's have been particularly successful; the favorable weather has crowded the course every day, and the ex-

pectation of seeing the new racing steam engine has set curiosity on tiptoe. Should this system be successful, we shall have a new species of betting, *Watt's End against Bigg's Main*, and *Sea-coal* against the *Staffordshire*, will be the order of the day at Tattersals; our noble and fashionable grooms, will become *natural* philosophers; instead of consulting the racing calendar for pedigrees, we shall have them turning over Lavoisier and Nicholson for *hydrogen* and *sulphur*, and Mr. Davy at the Albemarle street Institution, will become the oracle of the Jockey Club.

COURSING.—A new candidate for superior excellence in this interesting amusement, has started at the last Doveridge Meeting; Mr. Mclyneux has brought into the field a new breed of his own, which were successful in every match, and bid fair to rival the *Snowball* and others of equal celebrity.

Lord Middleton we understand has given up his stag-hounds, but in lieu has established a pack of fox-hounds, in the country formerly hunted by Lord Vernon: his Lordship has also taken the *Moors* at Aldby Park, supposed by all the sporting world to be the best in England.

RACES TO COME IN AUGUST.—Newbury, Aug. 2d; Taunton, 2d; Brighton, 2d; Worcester, 2d; Tre Madock, 2d; Swansea, Nottingham, 9th; Blandford, 9th; Oxford, Newcastle, Staffordshire, 10th; Reading, 16th; Exeter, 16th; Derby, 16th; Egham, 23d; Southampton, 25th; Bodmin, 30th; Chesterfield, 31st.—IN SEPTEMBER.—Warwick, 6th; Ayr, Scotland, 6th; Pontefract, 13th; Kingscote, 20th; Beccles, 20th; Lincoln, 21st; Doncaster, 26th; Carlisle, 27th; Newmarket, October, 3d; Dumfries, 6th; Newmarket, 2d October, 17th; Newmarket, Houghton, 31st.

York August Meeting, Saturday, (the Entrance day, when four matches will be run), August 20th.

BOXING.—Much disapointment has been experienced by the amateurs, in consequence of the accident which Gregson lately met with: he had been matched with Crib, for a large sum, and been handsomely backed by the Marquis of ———, and some other *striking* characters, but having set to with Firby, at his sparring benefit, he felt rather pressed, and retiring to the extremity of the stage, both of them fell, when Gregson again broke the small bone of his arm, which had been fractured in his contest with Gully. It is, we understand, the opinion of the surgeons, that he will not be able to come on the stage again, at least for some time, so that there is now a vacancy for some new candidate for pugilistic fame.

WHIP CLUBS.—Since the fine weather set in, the amateurs of the whip bidding adieu to the *pavé* of Bond-street and Piccadilly, have been *kicking up a dust* in all the environs of the metropolis. Early in the month the *Whip Club* assembled in Cavendish-square, preparatory to their dashing off to Blackheath, where they had bespoke a sumptuous dinner; the order of the day was for each member to sport four in hand, and to appear in appropriate costume. This dress had a good effect, and consisted of a drab cloth close bodied coat, with large silver buttons, immence *bonquets* of the most gaudy favours of Flora, with white hats, and all the other paraphernalia of the *driving school*. Mr. Charles Buxton, as usual, took the lead; Lord Hawke followed; then Mr. Thornhill, Mr. Methuen, &c. &c.; they dined at the Green Man, and after a moderate sacrifice to the bacchanalian God, remounted their *Olympic thrones*, exhibiting on their return, numberless proofs of their *scavoir faire*, to the more humble passing charioteers. This *art* seems now becoming a *science*, and the metropolis can boast of several schools for such pupils as are ambitious of Olympic fame: we have the whip club, the barouche driving club, and the four-in-hand club; and doubtless in a few weeks we shall have the steam engine club, each amateur attending by the side of his *smoking machine*, like the ancient dames with their portable saloop shops, on Westminster-bridge. The *Coal* Exchange will then become more fashionable than the Haymarket, and an able *Stoker* will be more in demand than even the *Chifney* of the day; and the career of some of our dashing youths will then be more appropriate throughout, as it will both *begin* and *end* in smoke.

CRICKET.—The Cricket Match which excited so much interest at Lords, between eleven of Surrey against eleven of all England, for one thousand guineas a side, has been decided, and won by the former, by sixty runs; several other dashing matches are on the tapis for the ensuing month.

Drawn Smith pinx.t

E. Scriven. Sculp.t

MISS SMITH, AS PORTIA.

"There are some shrewd contents in yon same letter
"That steal the colour from Bassanios cheek:&c.

Merchant of Venice.

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DRAMATIC MEMOIRS AND CRITICISMS

OF EMINENT PERFORMERS.

THE LIFE OF MISS SMITH, LATE OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

AMONG the faults of the present age, we think a contempt of talent is not to be numbered. Formerly complaints about the poverty of ingenious people were so common, that one of the departments in which talent may most conspicuously display itself, we mean the department of literature, has become almost a synonymous term for starvation; and though certain other branches of art and science were not quite so ill-paid as literature, yet even these were by no means productive of funds so ample as those which now appear for the maintenance of people of talent in every walk. It does indeed unfortunately happen at this day that a secondary kind of talent is often as well paid as first-rate genius: but in proportion as the principles of taste in all arts become more thoroughly and universally known, it is probable that the degrees of merit will be more generally understood, and the rewards of exertion more equitably distributed. We greatly rejoice to perceive that the arts of poetry, and painting, sculpture, and the drama, produce at this day so much larger a sum than they formerly did; but we should be exceedingly happy to see a further improvement take place in this particular. We should be glad to find every merit, short of the highest, in the respective departments of the different arts, placed upon a footing far lower than that which it now stands on: for what second rate people do, is work which many may be found to perform, while that which first-rate genius effects, is seldom to be matched at all. Those therefore whose places may be easily filled, ought not to approach, in profit, the great artists whom they can never equal in fame, and who standing proudly pre-emizent in merit, have a right to proportionate pre-eminence in reward. Nay, in poetry, sculpture, and painting, we are not quite sure that any reward at all ought to be given to persons whose merit is not the most complete: they do no sort of good to society—they even injure the public, by taking those profits, which, bestowed upon real genius and first rate talent, would operate as brilliant examples to young exertion, and contribute to increase the glory as well as the luxury of the nation. What are all our indifferent poets good for? They serve but to swallow up the greatest part of the whole fund provided for the reward of literature, and by their fecundity, and their affectations, prevent real genius from appearing so conspicuously as it otherwise would: just as the eleven false shields, among the twelve in the Roman Capitol, puzzled the eye of the spectator, and prevented all but the discerning few from determining which was the buckler that had descended from heaven. The same thing is equally true of sculpture, and of painting. In the drama there is a necessity for the employment of talent, not only of second rate, but of several degrees even below that. And the reason of this difference is, that the drama is an art, whose effects cannot be completely produced by any one unassisted individual. There must be not only *Macbeths* and *Benedicks*; there must be also *Fleances* and *Borachios*; but then no actor of first-rate talent will perform such petty parts; and therefore it becomes necessary to employ petty people. Sometimes great actors are unavoidably unable to appear in their profession: and since, on these occasions, the play-house cannot be shut quite so easily, as in poetry or painting the paper or canvass may be put aside to wait a better opportunity, it becomes necessary that persons shall be found, who though not actually of the first-rate genius, are at least tolerable substitutes for the first-rate performers. These ladies and gentlemen ought to be paid respectably, but not largely: their performances at best are but respectable. But in these times so well is talent of the second rate rewarded, that the distinction on the treasurer's list, which after all is the most material distinction, has almost become a distinction without a difference. Therefore it is that we say, this is not an age in which *talent* is *contemned*. But we do not deny that it is an age in which *genius is neglected*. The very advancement of mediocrity is a neglect, and almost an affront to real genius: and real genius is little capable of struggling against neglect. Delicate even to a fault, it fancies itself slighted by a

thousand things that to common minds seem quite indifferent. Its ambitions are ridiculed by the worldly, its distresses are forgotten by the wealthy, its merits are unseen by the vulgar: the worthless occupy its rewards, and it blooms only to be blighted. For though in these times actual want seldom overtakes a man of genius, if he have common prudence and a respectable character: yet not to be distinguished, not to be above the chance of poverty, not to rank in the highest sphere, is to suffer by neglect, and neglect of the severest kind: for genius has a right to its prerogatives, and like royalty deposed, ill brooks the feeling of humiliation. Happiest perhaps are they who never tasted the inebriating waters of admiration, nor sank into the gloomy depths of despondency, who neither raised to an anxious glory at one time, nor depressed to a moody desperation at another, enjoy the praise, and now-a-days the profit too, of middling abilities and a respectable rank in society.

Miss Smith is in the rank of those whose talents, though not of the first order, and therefore not entitled to admiration, are certainly of the second rank, and therefore in the drama, an art where moderate talent is, as we have said, not only tolerable but necessary, deserve to be approved and described. She has been so fortunate as to obtain at once a large share of commendation and of profit. She is not, we think, possessed of genius: but she has a good deal of merit, and is the best substitute for Mrs. Siddons that can now be found upon the stage. She is altogether a most striking illustration of the reasonings which we have just laid down: a remarkable proof how well (amid all the slights of great genius which want no example) an inferior kind of capacity may answer to its possessor: or in other words she is an instance of society's injustice in the distribution of rewards. We do not say this from any disposition to undervalue Miss Smith: on the contrary, we have a very favourable opinion of that lady's qualifications: but while we allow her to possess talent, we cannot pay her the homage due to genius.

The father of Miss Smith was, we believe, a Mr. Williamson, an actor in some provincial company. Her mother was a daughter of General Dillon of Galloway. Miss Sarah Smith was born at Liverpool, on the 23d of October, 1783. Mrs. Williamson, as her mother was entitled, had always a strong inclination for the stage: and it is said that some respectable provision would have been made for her in another sphere of life, if her dramatic propensities would have allowed her to accept it. Having met with infinite disasters and disappointments in the prosecution of her theatrical career, she determined not to educate her children for a profession which had produced so much mortification to herself: and placed the little Sarah and her brother at different schools in Liverpool. She made an excursion to Dublin, in hopes of inducing her relations to do something for these children: but her journey was not attended with success; although the death of Mr. Williamson, which had happened some years before the visit, had given her hopes that all grievances would be forgotten. She returned to England, and again engaged herself as an actress, finding that the stage was the only mode which remained to her of making a provision for herself and her family.

In the following year Mrs. Williamson enrolled herself in the Salisbury company: and it was upon the boards of the Salisbury theatre that Miss Williamson, afterwards Miss Smith, made her first appearance in the profession of the drama, as *Edward*, in the comedy of *Every One has his Fault*. In this representation she met a success that greatly encouraged her.

In the year 1793, Mrs. Williamson married Mr. Smith, an actor in the same company, and according to all accounts, a very worthy and kind-hearted man. They were afterwards engaged at Liverpool, and the lively little Sarah was here again permitted to play in the afterpiece of *The Children in the Wood*. Her success was so strongly marked, that it was now resolved she should continue on the stage: and we have reason to congratulate the public on a resolution which has presented them with so useful an actress. Shortly after Mrs. Williamson's marriage with Mr. Smith, Miss Williamson and her brother assumed the name of that gentleman: a name which the young lady has now adorned with so much reputation, that in all probability, though it be not her own, no circumstance will induce her to alter it again, unless perhaps that irresistible, and, in this instance, probable circumstance, which induces so many fair damsels to resign at once their hands and their names.

Our heroine, at the early age of sixteen, was engaged with her mother and her father-in-law Mr. Smith, in the company of Mr. Stanton, the Lancaster manager. Here she made her first appearance, as *Joanna*, in Mr. Holcroft's *Deserted Daughter*. She soon after enlisted with Mr. Stephen Kemble, at Edinburgh, and was still accompanied by her mother and Mr.

Smith. They continued here for three years: but at the end of that time, Miss Smith, who perhaps, with a very natural eagerness, hoped to have been in possession of more and better characters than those which had yet been allotted to her, became weary of a profession that promised so little, and withdrew herself completely from theatrical occupations. But Mrs Smith had now seven children by her second marriage, and the augmentation of expence which this large family occasioned, appeared to require some extraordinary exertion. Accordingly Miss Smith, desirous of affording all the assistance in her power, resolved to reassume her socks and buskins: and stimulated by this praiseworthy motive, and perhaps a little further confirmed by that secret impulse and affection for the stage, which so few have been able to resist after gratifying it at first, she solicited an engagement with Mr. Tate Wilkinson, the manager at York. Her application was successful, and she continued with Mr. Wilkinson till his death. He was succeeded in the theatre by his son, who, it seems, would have willingly continued to employ Miss Smith, but had no occupation for her father or mother. Miss Smith was unwilling to separate from her family, and therefore prevailed upon herself to surrender her situation at York. She was then engaged by Mr. M'Ready, the manager of the Birmingham company, who treated her with remarkable kindness: and was instrumental in procuring for her an engagement at Bath. To Bath her talents were now transferred: and a city, which yields to London alone in all the arts that make life agreeable, appeared the most favourable sphere in which the ability of Miss Smith could display itself. However ardent her expectations may have been, they certainly were not disappointed. Both in tragedy and in comedy she was conspicuously successful: and she soon became a favourite, not only upon the stage, but in every private circle that she entered. The most fashionable people of Bath began to countenance and encourage her, and she was frequently invited to the houses of several of those ladies who direct this little metropolis of the west.

There are some persons who, however solid may be their understandings, and however excellent their hearts, yet from some deficiency of address, can by no means succeed in obtaining the rank to which they are entitled amid society. Miss Smith has, fortunately for her comfort and connection in life, been completely exempt from any such awkwardness of manner. She has a particular affability, which conciliates nine people out of ten: she has an undeviating perseverance in obtaining the most creditable introductions: she has a habit of yielding her own opinions to the opinions of her well-informed and sensible friends: and with all these requisites for advancing herself in society, she of course has procured herself many agreeable and useful acquaintances. In London, as well as at Bath, these insinuating qualifications have been attended with very advantageous effects.

The Proprietors of Covent Garden having heard of the celebrity of Miss Smith, made an offer to her of an engagement in their theatre. But she was not inclined to leave so comfortable a situation as that in which she then stood, and agreed to sign an article for four years longer with Mr. Dimond of Bath.

In about a fortnight after this arrangement had been made, Mr. Harris, the principal Proprietor of Covent Garden, was induced to take a journey to Bath for the purpose of ascertaining how far the world's favourable report of Miss Smith's abilities deserved to be believed. On the evening of his attendance at the Bath theatre, she performed the characters of *Juliana* in the *Honey Moon*, and *Lady Racket* in *Three Weeks after Marriage*: and Mr. Harris professed himself so much gratified by the talent she evinced in these representations, that he proposed to engage her at an immense salary. Miss Smith still considered that her situation with the Bath and Bristol audiences was so agreeable and so secure, as to make any alteration of necessity unpleasing and hazardous; but the desire of making a more effectual provision for her family, at length prevailed over every other consideration, and receiving the liberal consent of the Bath Proprietors, Miss Smith, in the year 1805, transferred herself to Covent Garden theatre. She was here engaged for three years, at the enormous weekly sum of eighteen pounds for the first season, nineteen for the second, and twenty for the third: besides a salary, we believe, of two pounds a week to her father-in-law, Mr. Smith.

Now when we use the word enormous, as applied to the salary of Miss Smith, we take that word not in its positive, but in its relative sense. We do not know that twenty pounds, which is paid only for about five-and-thirty weeks in the year, would be, in fact, far too large a salary for an actress, so good as Miss Smith, if the profession of the stage were adequately paid: but as long as the want of the encouragement of the public renders it impos-

sible to pay the higher actors and actresses so well as their time, labour, and genius or talents require: it seems a little unjust that an actress like Miss Smith, who certainly is inferior to Mrs. Glover in comedy, and immeasurably inferior to Mrs. Siddons in tragedy, should be paid as large a price as is given to any of those regularly engaged actors who stand at the head of their respective departments. That Miss Smith, possessing but a second-rate talent, should, with an engagement for eighteen, nineteen, and twenty pounds, come into a theatre where Mr. Cooke, and Mr. Munden, and Mr. Fawcett, the best possible actors in their respective walks, were receiving only seventeen—nay, the two latter, we believe, at that time, not receiving so much—does appear to be an inequality of distribution for which a manager is not by any means excusable. Nor can Mr. Harris, to excuse this engagement, employ even that worst of all arguments, the argument *a posteriori* from success. For at the end of Miss Smith's second season, a circumstance occurred, which we shall presently have occasion to relate in its order, and which will prove incontrovertibly how little he was satisfied with the extravagant bargain he had been so foolish as to make.

She appeared for the last time at Bath, in the character of *Belvidera*, and after the play recited *Collins's Ode on the Passions*. The house was crowded in every part: and it is recorded, that on this occasion her feelings were so overpowered by the situation in which the acclamations and other favours of the audience placed her, that at the close of the ode, where hope, and mirth, and joy, are described by the poet, the actress represented regret, and melancholy, and grief. She took leave of her friends and the public, not by the usual mode of addressing the audience from the stage: but by farewells to the people of Bath and Bristol, made public through the medium of the newspapers.

In London then she made her first appearance at Covent Garden theatre, early during the season of 1805-6. Her reputation has been constantly increasing, and she has become a very general favourite. Her opportunities of displaying herself have not been numerous: for of course, while Mrs. Siddons remains to act *Lady Macbeth*, and *Queen Catherine*, the Managers will be in no hurry to bestow those parts upon Miss Smith, except by mere accident, as a substitute for her superior. And Miss Smith has allowed herself in many instances to refuse second-rate parts, as being beneath her dignity, so that sometimes, what with the middling estimate formed by the Managers of Miss Smith's consequence, and what with the very high estimate of that consequence which seems to have been formed by Miss Smith herself, it has happened that she has been unemployed for six weeks at a time. We are sorry that this is the case; but we are still more sorry for the reason. Managers have always been, and like all other despots will always be, unjust as well as arbitrary: but we see no excuse for actors and actresses who will not do the duties they are hired to perform. When *The Tempest* was got up at Covent Garden, the part of *Hyppolito* was sent to Miss Smith. Miss Smith refused to act it: and soon after went about complaining that nothing was given to her to do. All this arises from a mistaken notion that she is a first-rate actress. If she were, *Hyppolito* would be certainly a part beneath her; but as she is not, we really cannot see why she should think it unworthy of her, and suppose that having to do *Hyppolito*, she had nothing to do.

This, we understand, is by no means the only instance in which Miss Smith has shewn herself disposed to slight the business that was proper for her, and acknowledge herself only as a first-rate actress. In consequence of this kind of conduct, Mr Harris, finding that she neither attracted houses as a first-rate actress, nor did the business of the theatre as an actress of the second rate, and therefore, as we before observed, repenting of his haste in having engaged her at so exorbitant a salary, offered her a considerable sum of money during the season 1806-7, on condition that she would resign the article of engagement. But Miss Smith was more prudent. She perceived that she was growing into favour with the public: and finding that her benefit was a source of large profit to her, she conceived that neither her reputation nor her purse would be enriched by her secession from Covent Garden. At Covent Garden, therefore, she remained till the conclusion of the last season; and then accepted an engagement at the Dublin theatre, to which she is now directing her course. We, however, understand, that Mr. Harris, finding Miss Smith, if not an actress of real genius, yet certainly an actress much superior to the common order of dramatic heroines, has engaged her to return to Covent Garden at the conclusion of her Dublin engagement, which is calculated only for one year. Sincerely shall we rejoice if this intelligence prove true: for when Miss Smith can make up her mind to do the business for which she is fit, she is a very useful and va-

lunable actress, and has certainly a right to a situation in one of the London theatres. We hope experience will have taught her, as it has taught Mr. Harris, not to depend upon her genius: that it will have taught her, as it seems to have taught Mr. Harris, to see the necessity of mutual concession. Other reports state that she is engaged at Drury Lane.

Miss Smith is in height below the standard, which has been ordinarily expected in tragic actresses: but her figure, though small, is well proportioned, and her limbs are prettily turned. The only material defect of her person is that her head is rather too large for the rest of her figure. Her face is extremely handsome, and bears an extraordinary resemblance to that of Mrs. Siddons. The fine dark eyes of Miss Smith, the aquiline nose, and the straight, expressive brow, continually give the sensation of a family resemblance, although every body knows that there is no sort of relationship.

The frontispiece of this Number represents Miss Smith as *Portia*, in Shakspeare's play of *The Merchant of Venice*. The principal characters of the play are thus cast at Covent Garden:—

Anthonio, the Merchant of Venice	Mr. Pope.
Bassanio	Mr. C. Kemble.
Gratiano	Mr. Farley.
Lorenzo	Mr. Taylor.
Shylock	Mr. Cooke.
Lancelot	Mr. Munden.
Gobbo	Mr. Emery.
Portia	Miss Smith.
Nerissa	Miss Waddy.
Jessica	Miss Bolton.

The fable of this play is very simple, and like the fables of many other plays of Shakspeare, is founded on an old tale. *Anthonio*, a rich merchant, lends to his friend *Bassanio* a sum of money to give him the means of making an elegant appearance before *Portia*, the heiress of Belmont, whom *Bassanio* is about to woo. But because *Anthonio's* fortune, though large, is locked up in merchandize at sea, he borrows this money of *Shylock*, a rich Jew. The Jew refuses to take interest, and demands, in case of non-payment, only the merry pledge of a pound of the merchant's flesh. The Merchant, not doubting that he shall be able to pay the money at the stated time, and thinking the bargain a jest, willingly agrees to the condition: not a little surprised at the kindness of the Jew in lending his money on such terms, particularly after the contempt with which he himself, among other Christians, has been perpetually casting on the Hebrews. *Bassanio* invites *Shylock* to supper, and during the Jew's absence his daughter *Jessica* runs away with *Lorenzo*, carrying off some of her father's property. *Bassanio* sets off for Belmont, and commences his suit to *Portia*, who is favourably disposed towards him: but she is not at her own disposal, for her father has decreed by his will that every suitor of *Portia* shall determine his fortune by the choice of three caskets: of which he who may select the right, shall obtain the lady. *Bassanio*, being brought to this trial, rejects the casket of gold, and the casket of silver, and modestly selects the lead. He accordingly wins his *Portia*; but in the transport of his joy is suddenly checked by letters informing him that *Anthonio's* ventures at sea, have been all unsuccessful, and that the Jew is determined on exacting the literal penalty of flesh. *Portia* intreats *Bassanio* to pay the debt twenty times, over out of her fortune, rather than expose his friend to death; and *Bassanio*, after marrying her, sets off for Venice. *Portia* and *Nerissa* privately follow him, leaving *Lorenzo* and *Jessica* stewards of Belmont.

And now *Anthonio* and *Shylock* appear before the Court of Venice: *Shylock* is not to be moved from his bloody purpose, though thrice the amount of the principal is repeatedly offered. *Bellario*, a doctor of Padua, has been summoned to assist at this trial: but a letter arrives, stating, that sickness having confined *Bellario*, a young doctor of great ability is come in his stead. The young doctor is *Portia*, who having procured this letter, and male apparel, from her cousin *Bellario*, now appears in Court, with *Nerissa* dressed as her clerk. After vainly endeavouring to soften *Shylock*, she awards the flesh to him, but observes that the bond gives him no blood: and that if in cutting out the forfeit he sheds one drop, his goods shall be confiscated. *Shylock* then offers to take the treble amount, and let the Christian go. *Portia* decides that he shall have nothing but the penalty: and that if he take more or less by a hair's weight than a just pound, he shall be punished with death, as well as the confiscation of his goods. He then offers to accept simply the principal. She will allow him nothing but the forfeiture, to be so taken at his peril. He then prepares to leave the court in despair, not daring so to take the flesh: when *Portia*, citing a Venetian law that made it capital for an alien to seek the life of a citizen, decrees that *Shylock* has forfeited all his goods, and that his life is in the mercy

of the Duke alone. His life is granted, on condition that half his wealth be given to *Anthonio*: that the other half, after the Jew's death, be settled on *Lorenzo* and *Jessica*: and that the Jew become a Christian. *Shylock* accedes to these proposals: and *Bassanio* and *Anthonio*, ignorant that *Portia* has been their deliverer, sets off for Belmont.

The remainder of the play consists of pretty coquetries between *Portia* and *Bassanio*, and *Nerissa* and *Gratiano*, who are also married, about a couple of rings given by the ladies to their husbands, and then procured by themselves, in the characters of the two lawyers, from those very husbands. After many reproaches to *Bassanio* and *Gratiano* for having been inconstant and given the rings to women, the mistake is cleared up, and the play ends happily. Some comic scenes arise from the simplicities of old *Gobbo*, a countryman, and of *Lancelot*, his son, servant first to *Shylock* and then to *Bassanio*.

Perhaps there is no play that so powerfully demonstrates the magical skill of Shakspeare, as *The Merchant of Venice*. Shakspeare has here made impossibilities seem probable, and contradictions consistent. The trial scene alone is a sufficient exemplification of the astonishing triumph effected by his genius. We will admit, for the sake of argument, the eccentric lottery of love by which *Portia* is won, and the strange brutality of *Shylock's* character, and come at once to the fourth act. Here we find a girl in men's clothes, coming as a doctor of laws, passing herself upon the court for a learned sage, and continuing totally unsuspected by her husband and his friends, who have parted from her but a few hours before. And she has had so much influence over her cousin *Bellario*, that he, a great and eminent lawyer, has lent her his clothes, written a lying letter for her, and ventured to assist her in a gross imposition upon the *Duke of Venice*, and the great judicial officers. Surely *Bellario* must have been a man of an unusually easy character! But let us observe what *Portia* does when she has got on her disguise. She begins by applying herself to the Jew's feelings, in the celebrated speech on mercy: a speech which, however beautiful in itself, is totally unsuited to the business of the scene, and to the characters addressed, as a little investigation will readily prove. *Portia* speaks at first, as if she had no hope but in the Jew's compassion: and the following piece of declamation is her address to him:—

"The quality of mercy is not strained:
"It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
"Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd:
"It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
"'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
"The throned monarch better than his crown.
"His sceptre shews the force of temporal
"power,
"The attribute to awe and majesty,
"Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
"But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
"It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
"It is an attribute to God himself:
"And earthly power doth then shew likest
"God's,
"When mercy seasons justice."

It seems probable that *Portia*, standing in a situation so very dangerous to herself, in case of discovery, as well as anxious in relation to the feelings of *Bassanio* and *Anthonio*, would hardly have amused herself with making this long oration, but rather have brought matters as quickly as possible to that point, upon which the fate of her dearest connexions must turn. But not content even with the speech first cited, she goes into another argument, which, as directed to a Jew, does seem most singularly misapplied: it is this:

"Therefore, Jew,
"Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
"That, in the course of justice, none of us
"Should see Salvation. We do pray for mercy,
"*And that same prayer doth teach us all to*
"*render*
"*The deeds of mercy.*"

The solemn, simple, and beautiful address—Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us—might be cited as an argument to a Christian, whose Lord has enjoined to him the prayer in which this address is contained: but a person not believing in the mission of Christ, would hardly be influenced by his injunctions.

Portia now proceeds to state, in the face of the whole Court, that which she knows to be illegal, and which she is come prepared to prove illegal:

"I have spoke thus much,
"To mitigate the justice of thy plea:
"Which, if thou follow, this strict Court of
"Venice,
"Must needs give sentence 'gainst the Merchant
"here."

Any body who contends that sentence *was* given at last against the merchant, only proves an equivocation; for if it was given, the very terms of it implied an impossibility of executing it; and the declaration just quoted is nothing but a solemn quibble.

Portia is presently intreated to

" —— curb this cruel devil of his will."

She answers:

" It must not be, there is no power in Venice
" Can alter a decree established;
" 'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
" And many an error by the same example
" Will rush into the state. It cannot be."

This is untrue: for she knew that he could be "curbed of his will," and she meant to curb him accordingly. She presently says:

" Why this bond is forfeit:
" And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
" A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
" Nearest the Merchant's heart."

She goes yet further; and trifles so far with the feelings of her husband, and of *Anthonio*, as actually to hold the following dialogue:

" Why then thus it is:
" You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
" For the intent and purpose of the law
" Hath full relation to the penalty,
" Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
" Therefore, lay fare your bosom.

Shylock.—" Aye, his breast:
" So says the bond, doth it not, noble Judge?
" Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Portia.—" It is so. Are there scales to weigh
" the flesh?

Shylock.—" I have them ready.

Portia.—" Have by some surgeon, Shylock,
" on your charge,
" To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to
" death.

Shylock.—" Is it so nominated in the bond:

Portia.—" It is not so expressed—but what
" of that?
" 'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shylock.—" I cannot find it: 'tis not in the
" bond.

Portia.—" Come, Merchant, have you any
" thing to say?"

After all these positive and cruel declarations, she suddenly turns round, and delivers the actual sentence in the following unexpected spirit and manner:

Portia.—" A pound of that same Merchant's
" flesh is thine:
" The Court awards it, and the law doth give
" it.

Shylock.—" Most rightful judge!

Portia.—" And you must cut this flesh from
" off his breast:
" *The law allows it*, and the Court awards it.

Shylock.—" Most learned Judge! a sentence:
" Come, prepare.

Portia.—" Tarry a little: there is something
" else.
" This bond does give thee here no jot of blood:
" The words expressly are, a pound of flesh.
" Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of
" flesh:
" But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
" One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and
" goods
" Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
" Unto the state of Venice."

She then enumerates the other law against aliens, to which we have before alluded; and the desired catastrophe takes place, to the great and unexpected joy of all the parties, and of all the Court, who, of course, strange to say, did not know any thing of such laws.

In spite of all these extraordinary contradictions, the scene is always wonderfully impressive. To those spectators who have never read the play, the effect of this scene, when they first see it acted, is quite electrical: and we own, that although we are so fully sensible of these errors, and have no longer the pleasure of novelty, we cannot help feeling to this time considerable emotion at the representation of the trial-scene. But this effect thus unduly produced upon the minds of the audience, is, of course, not without a cause: and it is in the investigation of this cause that we find the greatest reason for admiring the genius of Shakspeare. We perceive him imparting an air of nature to the grossest improbabilities: and we find that he has done this by the introduction of many small circumstances: such as the occasional observations of *Gratiano*, the scales for weighing the flesh, and other such little occurrences, which give an incredible effect of reality to the scene, and cover the rottenness of the material upon which they are woven. The allusions carry us on so forcibly and quickly, that we have no time to suspect their falsehood, or inconsistency. Each circumstance, taken singly, seems natural: and we do not pause to consider how far the circumstances, taken together, constitute a firm and compact whole.

Miss Smith's performance of *Portia*, is, we think, among the best of her representations. The character is not of that very quiet, interesting, and retiring nature, which is so common among the heroines of plays; and accordingly Miss Smith, who does not excel in these bashful violet-like parts, is very successful in the firm and decided warmth of *Portia*. There are some faults in this performance, it is true; but as they are chiefly faults, of wrong emphasis conveyed by particular intonation, it is not

possible for us in this place to point them out in such a manner as may be clearly intelligible to our readers.

Mr. Cooke's *Shylock* is greatly admired: but we own we are not among the persons who think very highly of it. There are, indeed, certain passages which he delivers in an admirable mode: but throughout the greater part of the character, he mistakes the sentiment of what he is uttering; and acts rather the words than the whole meaning of a passage. His physical powers, and particularly his voice, have qualified him to give a wonderful force to many of the strongest sentences; and he perpetually proves that he has a very powerful feeling of passages, with a very little knowledge of character.

Mr. C. Kemble's *Bassanio* is so elegant, and indeed perfect a performance, that it is unnecessary for us to analyse it. Where all is as good as it can be, it must be impossible to single any thing as best or worst.

We wish we could speak as favourably of Mr. Pope's *Anthonio*. Perhaps it would be well for Mr. Pope if he had not so fine a voice: at present he always exerts it so loudly, that he spoils his characters; and in such a scene as the trial of *Anthonio*, loud shouting is by no means to be tolerated.

The other parts are pretty well supported: if we except the *Lancelot* of Mr. Munden, we except it only because the phrase *pretty well* is inapplicable to a performance so highly excellent.

It remains for us to say a few words of Miss Smith's powers in general. We think, then, that she is an actress, not of great genius, nor indeed of any genius at all, but certainly of great talent and much usefulness. But she wants that originality which is essential to genius—she is perpetually imitating. Mrs. Siddons is generally her model in tragedy, and in her lighter performances she has frequently copied the style of Mrs. Stephen Kemble, with whom she was for some time engaged in the North. These are not the only performers she imitates. We certainly think it right, that an actor should avail himself of that which is best in his predecessors: but he should learn their manners of conception, not their tones or actions in delivery. After studying the best portions of each preceding genius, it will be his business to unite them in himself: and the union will become an original style, just as two chemical fluids mingled, produce frequently another fluid, of a virtue totally different from that of either of the former, yet partaking the advantages of both. For it will be remembered after all, that what we call the creation, or the originality of genius, is in fact nothing more than combination: since the powers of the imagination, equally with those of the reason, can operate only upon the stores that exist.—But Miss Smith has not formed one tragic and one comic style of her own, from the excellences of her predecessors, in the two respective spheres: she rather plays in several styles, none of them her own, but each the imitation of some favourite performer who has gone before her in the part she may be acting.

Miss Smith seems to want teaching. She knows very well the business of the stage, but not the theory of her profession: so that she is constantly running into the same defects which we before noticed in Mr. Cooke, namely, a misconception of the sentiment, and an expression rather of the words in each line, than of the whole paragraph. Miss Smith too, even when she is right in the sentiment of the whole scene, is very often so cold as to be completely ineffective. Those muscles of her face that should express the passions, seem to be moved rather by a recollection of the drawing-master's rules for pourtraying certain feelings, than by the spontaneous impulse of her heart.

But whenever it happens that the sentiment needs not come powerfully and suddenly from the heart, and appears with perfect intelligibility through the whole of a scene, Miss Smith is an actress of great merit. In these cases she can make no mistake of passion, because every thing is broad and clear: and as the affection of mind that she has to express, is here the affection rather perhaps of memory than of impulse, her manner of acting is perfectly well adapted to the just delineation of it. Perhaps Miss Smith's want of effect in passages of rapid feeling, may arise from her having studied Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, without thoroughly understanding their principles. Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble are certainly performers of slow and deliberate manner, and Miss Smith may think that she also shall excel, by assuming the same slowness and deliberation. But then she should recollect, that where sudden passion arises, the wind does not rush more rapidly than sweeps the style of Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble: and if they are called deliberate performers, it is not because they are deliberate in scenes of passion, but because they are deliberate in the ordinary dialogues, which constituting of course by far the greatest part of the play, sufficiently out-number the passionate scenes, to mark, in the opinion of a superficial observer, the character of the actors and actresses.